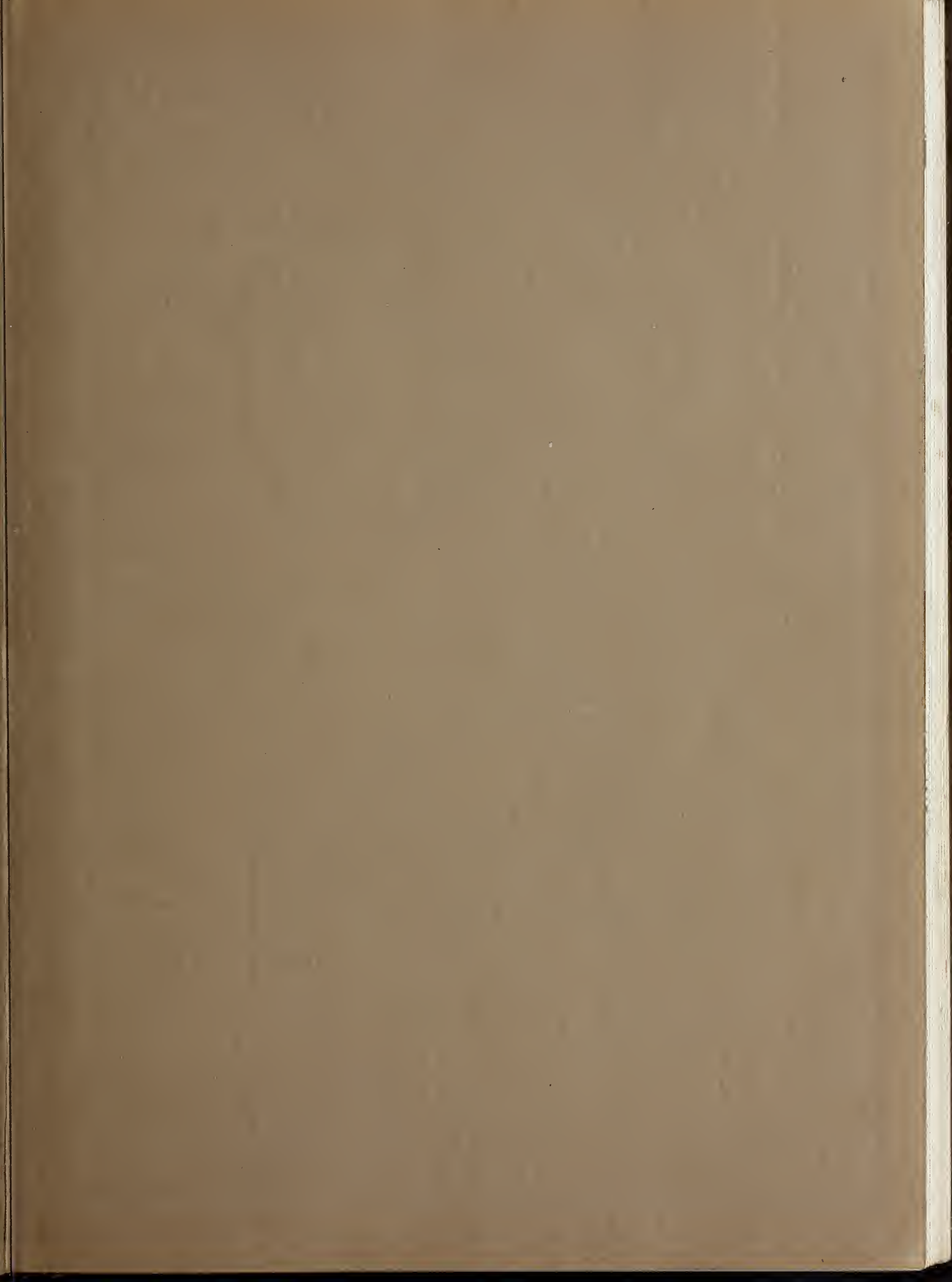
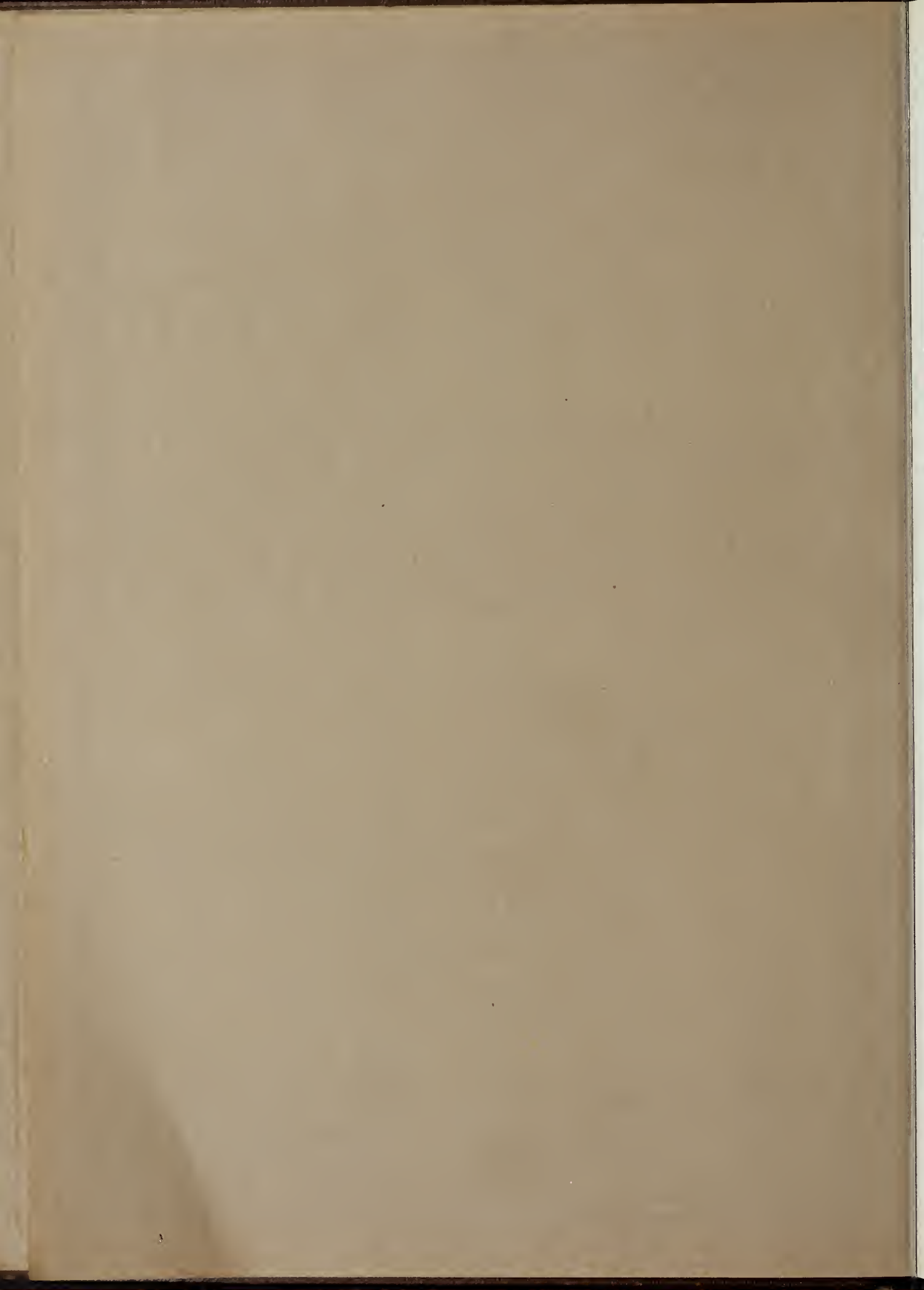


The
AURORA

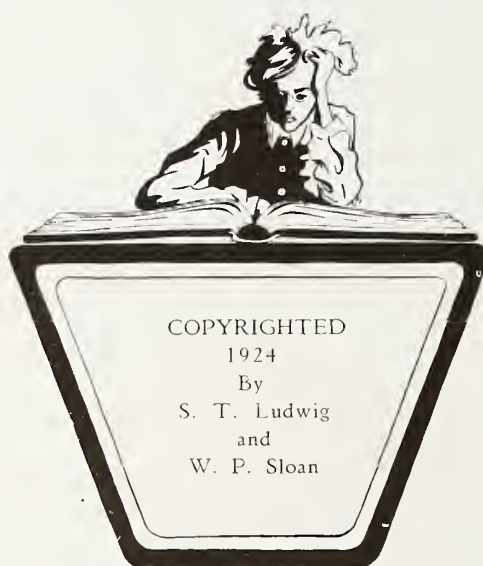
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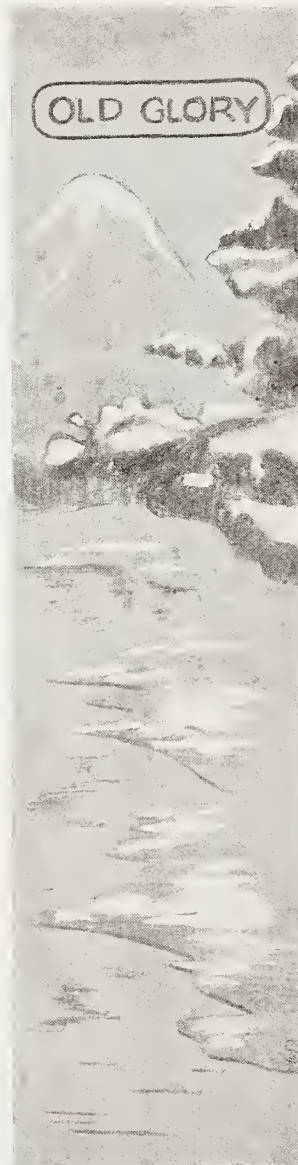
THE AURORA



ANNUAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
OF
OLIVET COLLEGE

1924







PRESENTATION

TO RECORD the manifold activities of Olivet College is a difficult task, and to paint her spirit, with its democracy, its helpfulness, its inspiration, its ever-widening vision—expanding into something bigger and better—is yet more difficult. But we have set ourselves this double task: to chronicle the events of the year in a way that will portray our college life, and to weave into this story that intangible something which sets her apart from kindred institutions. Thus, with an earnest desire to preserve her memory, with a sincere purpose to perpetuate her influence, and with a conscious aim to uphold her ideals, we present this volume.

Order of Contents

FACULTY

COLLEGE

BIBLE COLLEGE

ACADEMY

FINE ARTS

STUDENT LIFE



DEDICATION
to
PROFESSOR J. W. STOKE,

Who has ever manifested a keen
interest in the welfare of
his students, and who, by
his masterful teaching
and fidelity to truth,
has won the esteem
of all; we, the
Aurora Staff,
respectfully
dedicate
this
eleventh
volume
of
The Aurora



PRESIDENT N. W. SANFORD

Administrative Plans

THE extension of time of the present administration until June 1, 1928 makes it possible to lay definite plans to be worked out and thereby eliminates the bad results of work without an objective. The administration has faith enough in the Nazarene people of this educational zone to believe that the debt on the institution will be paid in due time and give the institution a chance to reach its greatest possibilities along the line of development.

Acting upon this confidence, we are laying plans that will insure the greatest possible usefulness in giving assistance to worthy young men and woman, and at the same time offering such advantages as will command the respect of those who do not need financial assistance.

Our plans include the strengthening of our educational work. During the past two years we have been able to get all of our Academy work accredited with the State University. We expect to keep this department up to this standard. While we do not have the money to enable us to reach the high standard required for our college to be accredited, we are making every effort possible to make our courses strong enough to qualify our students to continue their work in a creditable way in the University.

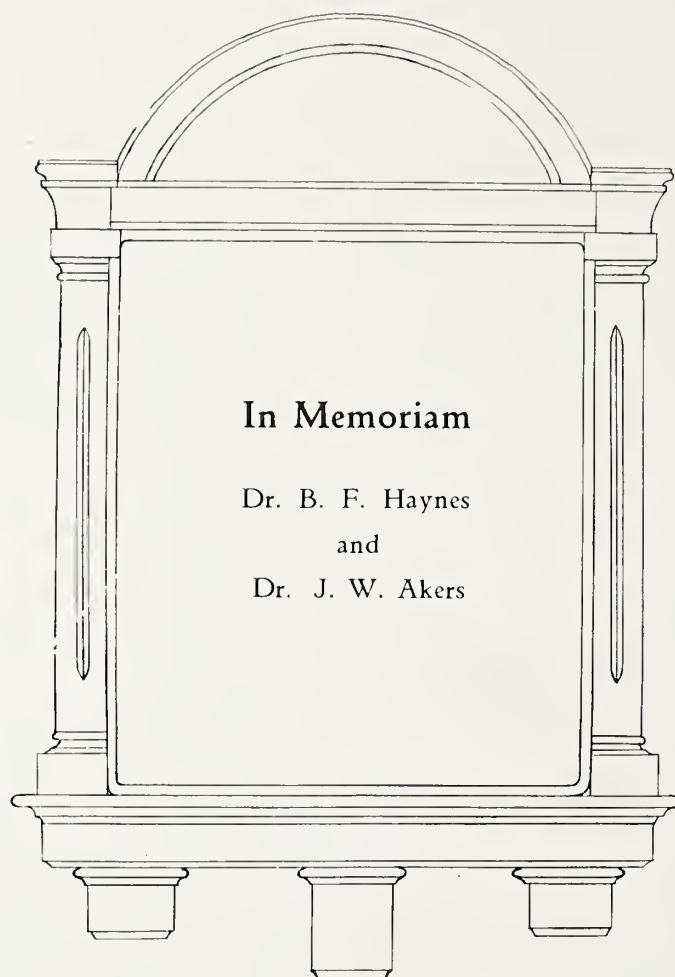
Northwestern University is already giving excellent rating to our students. We are expecting them to make such records as will ultimately establish the thoroughness of our work with that institution and, through this plan, to finally get proper recognition.

Our plans include, further, the development of such industries as will give ample employment for students who need help and at the same time bring enough financial assistance to the school to permit the enlargement of the faculty and to insure prompt and adequate pay for the same. These plans give room for additional equipment and buildings.

Finally, it is our plan to keep true to the Nazarene type of Christian manhood and womanhood. This we consider of greatest importance. Our mission, it seems, is to furnish examples of old-time Christian faith and living in an age of higher criticism and infidelity scarcely paralleled in the Christian era.

We solicit your confidence and co-operation in perfecting these plans.

—N. W. Sanford
President



Trustees



Schurman, Bradley, Roberts, Short.
Benner, Grose, Henry, Hirsbrunner, Strong
Herrell, Pres., Sanford, Burke, Chalfant, Willingham, Fleming

OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| Dr. Edwin Burke | President |
| N. B. Herrell | Vice-President |
| T. W. Willingham | Treasurer |
| E. O. Chalfant | Secretary |

PERSONNEL

| | Term Expires |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Dr. Edwin Burke | 1924 |
| Rev. W. G. Schurman | 1925 |
| Rev. T. W. Willingham | 1925 |
| Rev. C. H. Strong | 1925 |
| Rev. E. O. Chalfant | 1925 |
| Rev. E. J. Fleming | 1926 |
| Mr. J. A. Hirsbrunner | 1926 |
| Rev. N. B. Herrell | 1924 |
| Rev. J. W. Henry | 1925 |
| Rev. J. W.. Short | 1924 |
| Rev. M. F. Grose | 1926 |
| Rev. H. L. Kenzie | 1925 |
| Mr. M. L. Doeblor | 1925 |
| Rev. C. L. Bradley | 1925 |
| Rev. C. P. Roberts | 1926 |
| Rev. E. C. Dees | 1925 |

To Our Constituency

THE bow of promise spanned the skies of Olivet College last year. This year we feel that we have begun to realize the fulfillment of the omens of success. There have been several forces at work.

The faithful earnest labor and sacrifices of our beloved president has meant the salvation of our college. But he, alone, could not have saved the day; it took the co-operation of the other members of the Board of Trustees with their tears and prayers, their encouragement and help. Some of these men represent districts; others, churches; others, the laymen directly.

Hence, we look, ultimately, to the constituency of our educational zone as the very foundation of our success. It was through their vision that the school was first founded and likewise through their support that it has been enabled to continue.

It is not when fortune is smiling upon one that he especially needs a friend, but when adversity meets him "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

The path through the yesterdays of the college has not always been strewn with roses: sometimes it has led through the valley, sometimes ascended the steeps and led through rugged places. Had it not been for the faithful assistance of a loyal constituency Olivet might not have surmounted its difficulties.

To the constituency, then, we wish to express our sincere appreciation and heart-felt gratitude for the interest they have manifested, for the support they have given, for the sacrifices they have made, that past efforts for the maintenance of Olivet might not have been in vain.

—Dorothy Kelley
College '24



The Day Is Done

*But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.*

*Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.*

* * * * *

*Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base:
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.*

*Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.
—H. W. Longfellow.*

Our Industry

THERE has long been felt a need for some industry to provide students with self-support. We are too far removed from the cities for employment there, and any attempt to employ them in general farming would not be practicable. Local factories have been out of the question, as calling for too much outlay of capital and too much technical and skilled labor.

In looking about for some employment that would meet the character of the labor available, the local conditions, and the marketing opportunities, it was seen that the Nursery and Seed business was an almost ideal industry for us.

There are many excellent reasons for undertaking it. There are peculiar advantages to be obtained and definite results to be derived from this form of enterprise.

Olivet is situated apart from the populous urban centers, yet near enough to hold business relations with them. It is located in one of the best farming sections of the country. The demand and the field of market are unlimited. Orchards of a generation ago are passing and need to be renewed. Seeds are needed with the recurring seasons.

This industry provides self-support to the greatest number; it uses to the best advantage the intermittent labor of those in school. But the mere physical and economic advantages are not the most important. Such an enterprise offers some of the most useful aspects of educational training. The students are trained in the propagation and care of plants. Many are now learning the art of budding and grafting. Seed testing, fruit judging, and pest elimination are aspects of the work that will be of inestimable value to many. Some will study the aspect of salesmanship and be trained in the administrative and business phases of the enterprise.

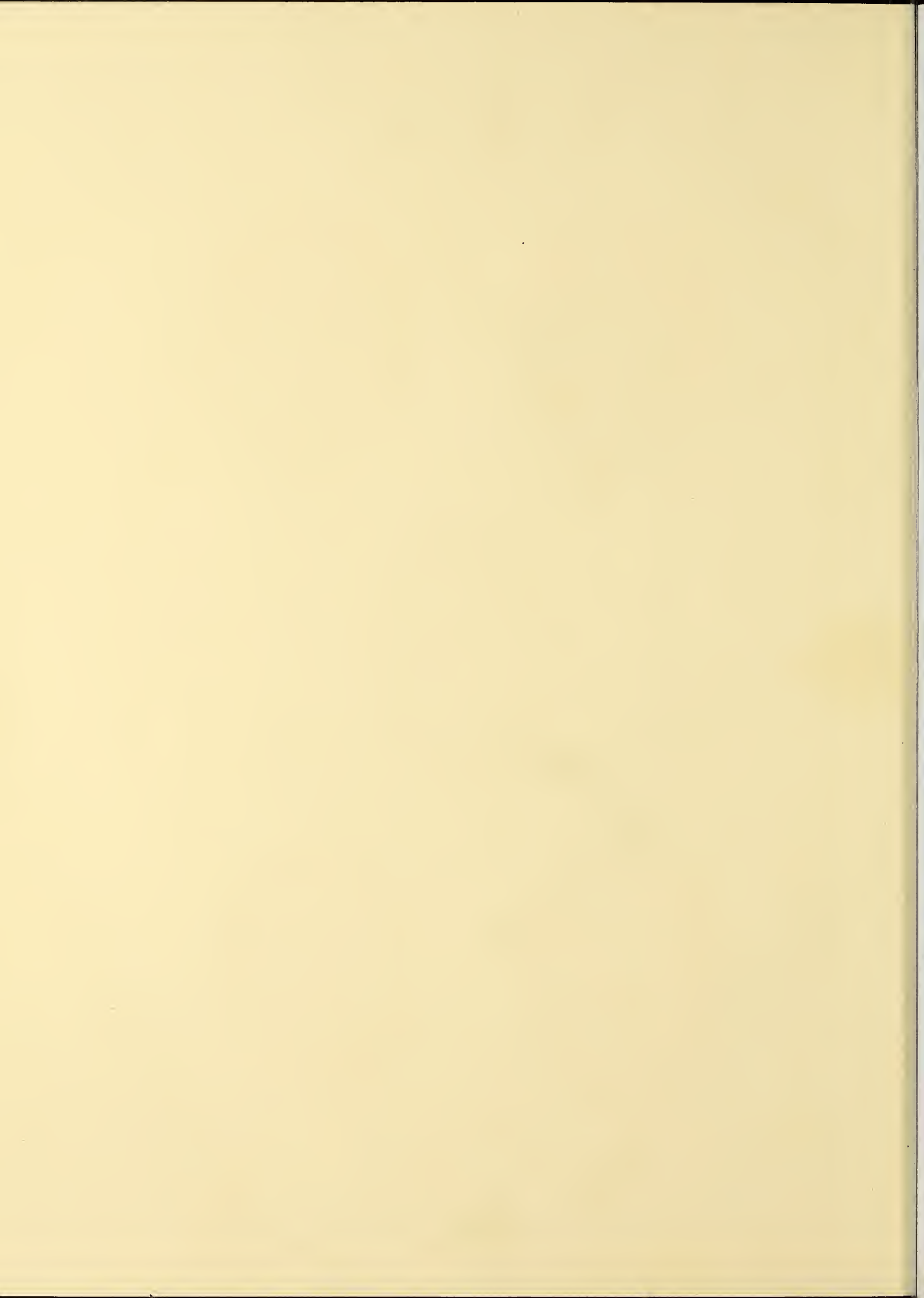
Our missionaries are being given training in plant husbandry that will mean much in their respective stations in other lands. It is interesting to see how eagerly they engage in this practical phase of their training.

Labor is God's balance of power by which He holds this sin burdened world in subjection to Him. We cannot but believe that in such an enterprise we have the opportunity to do great good to many worthy young people, to help meet the financial problems of the school, and at the same time launch a clean and instructive industry that will keep us in touch with God's economic plan for all mankind. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

—Prof. J. W. Stoke



FACULTY



Faculty



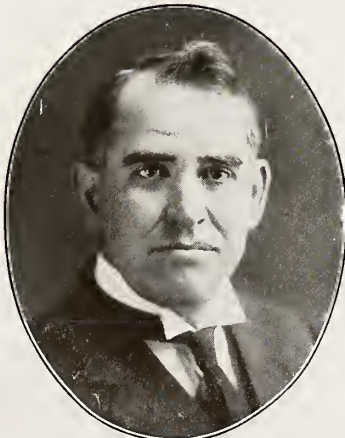
N. W. Sanford, M. S., B. D.
Psychology



M. F. Grose, A. B.
Dean of Theology



J. W. Stoke, B. S., B. Ped.
Science



T. S. Greer, B. S., A. B.
History, Education



J. B. Galloway, B. S., Ph. B., B. D.
Bible, Theology

Faculty



E. Wayne Stahl, A. B., B. E., B. D.
Expression



Theda C. Peake, A. M.
Language. Philosophy



H. H. Price, A. B.
Mathematics



Etta R. Chesemore, A. B.
Academy English



C. S. McClain, A. B.
College English

Faculty



Mrs. Irene Price, A. B., B. Mus.
Piano



J. R. Cain
Violin, Guitar



Helen C. Peters
Voice



Rose E. Bauerle, A. B.
History, Algebra



Elsie Jenks, A. B.
Registrar

Faculty



Jennie Knop
Matron



J. W. Peters
Voice



Myrtle Sherman
Art



C. S. Harter
Commercial

Student Assistants

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| Ida Mae Reed | Principal Sub-Preparatory. |
| Ailene Gilbert | Eighth Grade |
| Gertrude Sill | Eighth Grade |
| Margaret Smith | Typewriting. Shorthand |
| Agnes Anderson | Spanish |
| Earnest Lehmen | Zulu |
| Anna Lee Cox, R. N. | Nurse |
| N. Ruth White | Secretary to President |
| Vera Eggleston | Office |



COLLEGE



Seniors



Rose E. Bauerle B. D. Olivet, Ill.

Teacher-Mathematics and History; Gospel Band, Mission Band.

"Steady and True as the stars that shine." Miss Bauerle possesses a quick sense of humor, yet she is not easily diverted from her decision. Her ideals of Christian character and godly living are known to all of us. Rose's one ambition is to be a missionary and with her unlimited abilities we foresee for her a life of service on the mission field in India.

Elsie A. Jenks, B. D. Sterling, Col.

Registrar, Gospel Band.

Sincerity and determination mark the character of Miss Jenks. As a student she is thorough; as a business woman, capable; as a christian, devout. We are glad that she has continued her studies and added the superstructure of a post-graduate course. To her belong the laurels of a B. D.

Seniors



Selden D. Kelley, History Major

Lansing, Mich.

Vice-President Class; Business Manager Aurora '21, '22; Philathea Literary Society; E'Toile Tennis Club; Student pastor.

"Bound to rise" may be said of Mr. Kelley with his brilliant mind and oratorical gifts. He has keen apperceptive powers and thinks for himself; he's married. "Pat" seems like part of the school. "When he's gone we won't forget."

Dorothy Kelley, Mathematics Major

Lansing, Mich.

Public School Teacher; Philathea Literary Society

A modest maiden, she. Despite her home duties and the added responsibility of "Pat" she has the art of being young. Reverend Kelley preaches to the many; Dorothy, to the one. She will be an invaluable help to him. Their rosey tinted morn bespeaks a glorious sunset.

Seniors



Ralph E. Bauerle, Theology Major Olivet, Ill.

Pres. of Class; Philathea Literary Society; Mission Band; Gospel Band.

The optimism of Mr. Bauerle will be a valuable asset to him when he reaches his field of labor. He has a quiet, unassuming manner, but is persevering and resolute of purpose. He has proved that "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Dortha D. Goode, History Major Bloomfield, Iowa.

*Class Secretary; Philathea Literary Society; Girls' Athletic Association
Sunrise Tennis Club; Orpheus Glee Club*

Dortha's just naturally good (e). Her ready wit and "musical laugh" will not soon be forgotten. The piano yields to her exquisite touch as the Aeolian harp to the gentle evening zephyrs. She is a lover of music and a musician. Cupid seems to be whispering, "Dewdrop Goode."

Seniors



Hazel L. Canaday, Modern Language Major Olivet, Ill.
Class Treasurer; Philathean Literary Society; La Sociedad Espanola; Gospel Band.

Miss Canaday is an excellent student. She has the advantage of having once been a teacher. The muse of poetry has often inspired her to give us some choice thoughts. To her there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Ida Mae Reed, English Major Buffalo, Ill.
*Secretary of Faculty; Principal of Preparatory Department;
 Assistant Editor Aurora '24; Philathean Literary Society*

Intellectual attainments, virtue, and dignity find a happy blending in Ida Mae. She has been an efficient teacher and apt student in our midst for several years. Her genial smile, kind words, and deep spirituality will make her a blessing wherever the course of her life may tend.

Post-Graduate



RUTH D. COOPER

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known

Humility Honored

By Hilda Findlay

TRUE humility is honored. We instinctively love it. God exalts it. It is not an abject, groveling, self-despising spirit, but the right estimate of ourselves as God sees us. It keeps us on our proper level. We rise to, and maintain, great heights of our destiny only by possessing this virtue. The life of Amanda Smith, that famous colored saint, is an example among hundreds of this great truth. She endured many ostracisms among both the white people and her own race. Her plain bonnet and dress contrasted strongly with the elegant attire of others. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the north, nor from the south. God is the judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another."

Honor comes to humility in reverse order; that is, to those who have sacrificed their previous high rank in order to fulfill their life's mission. There was One among this number. He came from the greatest, the richest, the most glorious realms; He became the poorest of the poor. His life was one of humble service and sacrifice. What a picture of humility as he stoops to wash His disciples' feet! How incomprehensible His obedience to death! Today "God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth and things under the earth."

Humility is the work of greatness, the forerunner of success, the auxiliary of happiness. Let us be humble.

—College '25.

Juniors



GERTRUDE SILL..... CLINTON, MICH.

*A Virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine
Picture in a good light.*

BYRON D. NEASE President OLIVET, ILL.

*Greatness lies, not in being strong, but in the
using of strength.*

PEARL RICHEY..... Secretary OLIVET, ILL.

*Yet was there light around her brow
A holiness in those dark eyes.*

FRANKLIN PEAKE..... OLIVET, ILL.

*Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual
labor.*

HILDA FINDLAY..... MILLINGTON, MICH.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

SYLVESTER T. LUDWIG..... ST. LOUIS, MO.

*The wise and active conquer difficulties by
daring to attempt them.*

Juniors



GLADYS ALLEN OLIVET, ILL.

*How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life.*

AILENE GILBERT Vice-President LANSING, MICH.

*Gently touching with the charm of poetry,
Her virtues form the magic of her song.*

RUBY FOSTER OLIVET, ILL.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

RUSSELL TREES Treasurer WARRINGTON, IND.

The expression of Truth is simplicity.

VELMA GUTHRIE OLIVET, ILL.

*A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion,
Blush'd at her self.*

WILLIAM SLOAN EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

How far that little candle throws his beams.

Juniors



CARMEN PEAKE..... OLIVET, ILL.

*The silence often of pure Innocence
Persuades, where speaking fails.*

ANTON FRANK..... CHICAGO, ILL.

*Hope is a lover's Staff; walk hence with that
and manage it against despairing Thots.*

EDNA M. GILLEY..... OLIVET, ILL.

*She'll not be hit by Cupid's arrow;
She hath Diana's wit.*

RALPH APPLEBY..... OLIVET, ILL.

*Whose Nature is so far from doing harm
That he suspects none.*

LELA REYNOLDS..... LANSING, MICH.

*The most manifest sign of Wisdom is con-
tinuous cheerfulness.*

GEORGE CHESEMORE..... OLIVET, ILL.

*Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in friendship burn.*

Sophomores



Young—*President*

Thompson

Herrell

Smith

Appleby

Sherman

Jones

Stark

Galloway

Cornelius

Shorten

Muse

Canaday

Gilley

Lehman

Sponsor—H. H. Price



Freshmen



Peake

Bowman—*President*

Anderson

Wood

Thornberry

Sill

Smith

Steele

Price

Gabosh

Stark

Sloan

Short

Carter

Sponsor—J. W. Stoke



History Repeats Itself

By Ailene Gilbert

BOB Herrington was in love.

His black, wavy hair was well brushed back from a noble forehead, and his deep blue eyes revealed a heart full of joy and hope. Tall and broad-shouldered, he had been the object of much unreciprocated admiration, up to this time, from the girls of Silverdale.

In his youth, Bob had sought the companionship of Richard Hasseler, a boy two years his senior, but his classmate and fellow graduate from high school. Dick had bushy, red hair and large, frank, pure brown eyes. He was a little taller than Bob and somewhat quicker in action so that one seemed to be the complement of the other.

Several years had passed, since the two boys began a thriving business under the name of Hasseler and Herrington Real Estate, when one Friday afternoon in October, a strange young lady entered the office. Bob looked up and met her gaze—a gaze which transfixed him for a instant. There stood Lona Freeley, clad in a dark blue suit and a black, drooping hat, shading two soft brown eyes and a slightly flushed face; under the hat could be seen a few ringlets of auburn-colored hair.

It was soon known in the quiet town that the old Miller property had been sold to Miss Freeley, who was taking care of her aged father. Dick openly declared to Bob his admiration for her; on the other hand, Bob secretly cherished a liking for her, himself. To the joy of both the boys she joined the Nazarene Church of which both were members.

The winter wore away and the spring came, but Lona Freeley didn't seem to notice any of the boys in particular; she was friendly, but that was all. Dick became anxious.

In June, preparations were made for the usual camping trip. How Dick hoped for the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Lona.

In a verdant valley lay Silver Lake, calm and tranquil in the summer's sun, disturbed only now and then by an occasional wind or storm. In this secluded spot, the boys camped on one side of the lake and the girls on the other, carefully supervised by the pastor and his wife.

Lona had made arrangements for her cousin to come and care for her father in her absence. Bob and Dick were in town during the day, but drove to the camp in the evening.

The first week passed and Tuesday night of the second week came. The moon was filling the valley with her flood of silver light when Bob and Dick left their camp about nine o'clock. As they ascended the path, they looked down on the lake beneath. Dick stopped and turned to Bob.

"There's Lona," he said, pointing to the figure that dipped the paddle of her canoe into the sparkling waves. About her wealth of auburn hair was a halo of silver light.

"Bob," he almost whispered, "despite my efforts I have failed in my attempt to win her. Can't you help me? I can't . . ."

Bob interrupted with a grim, "But how can I, Dick?"

"You have a more persuasive way than I. All the girls have been captivated by you. Perhaps you could intercede for me."

Bob dropped his head in silence. A mighty conflict raged in his breast. No one had ever come between him and Dick; they had always been the closest of friends and the best of pals. They had shared each other's joys and sorrows in schooldays; and fortune, good or ill, in business. Now could it be that they were so much alike that the object of their affections was the same? Bob had endeavored to make it otherwise, but, when confronted with the entreaty of his pal to woo Lona, he realized that he too loved her. Must he sacrifice that love in deference for that of his friends? A moment and it was settled.

"Dick," he said calmly, but firmly, "I'll do my best for you." They returned to camp, but sleep refused to close their weary eyes, 'til the early morning hours. It might have comforted them had they known that Lona restlessly dreamed of the phantom-like something called Love, which had besieged her heart since she had come to Silver-dale.

On Wednesday afternoons Dick and Bob had made it a practice to close their office, and hence, they were seen earlier than usual the next day at camp.

The sun was sinking low in the West when Lona looked up from her book and saw Bob approaching alone. Her desire for solitude had led her to wander over the crest of the hill and seek refuge among the birds and flowers of the woodland. If he continued in the direction he was walking he would be sure to discover her. Every nerve tingled as she tried to resume her reading.

On he came; nor halted when he beheld her. Possessed with the resolute purpose to aid his pal, it occurred to him that this was his opportunity.

He was not disappointed in his quest, for she seemed to acquiesced readily to his suggestion for a canoe ride that evening. The long-looked for occasion at last had come to her. Slowly the hours passed until he came and they made their way to the waters edge, where he launched the little canoe. The stars seemed to dance on the mirror of the crystal waves, while the moon smiled down upon the scene below.

"Would that—but no." Again Bob remonstrated with himself. "It is not to be so."

They talked; but Bob could never remember exactly what they said. His mind was engrossed with the precious mission entrusted to him. At length he began.

"Miss Freeley," he said, "Mr. Hasseler and I have been associated together in business for six years, and we attended college and high school together. A truer friend I have never found; a stauncher Christian character I have never seen. We have shared one another's joys and sorrows, and have almost known one another's every thought. It is in his behalf that I come to you tonight. He is unshrinking in most matters, but in this he asked me to intercede."

He had watched her closely as he spoke thus. When he finished, she lifted her gaze from the water in which she had been playing with her fingers, and, looking straight into his eyes, said softly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Bob?"

Then Bob realized that he had been discovered, when she answered his inquiring look with,

"Actions speak louder than words."

—College '25.

The Pursuit of Possession

By Madge Thompson

DO you ever stop to think how bound and bounded our lives are by possessing? If "possession is nine-tenths of the law," it is ten-tenths of life. If we have not material possessions to burden or enrich our lives, then we are possessed of freedom from care and independence of responsibility or else privation and penury. If we possess no friends or relatives, dependents or directors, nobody to whom we are attached or obligated, then is our possession loneliness, isolation, neglect. If we claim no talents, wit, or inner resources, then is our portion emptiness, frivolity, dissatisfaction. If we are blest with no virtues, then we are weighted with vices.

It is possession, the nature of our acquired possessions, and our manner and spirit of possessing, that makes or mars, builds or disintegrates life. In the Bible we read that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is not the number of possessions we may acquire, but the kind and quality of the things possessed that determines our character. Fortunately, as to what possessions shall have preeminence in our lives, lies with us individually.

Not only do taste and desire determine our possessions for us, but, joined with our power of mental concentration, they are the means by which we ourselves possessors. We become possessors in the most important sense when we fix our desire and set our mind upon a certain person, thing, or end. The process of taking possession is but a minor detail, no matter how long or arduous or fraught with vicissitude the proceeding and capturing may be. But if desire and delight in that sought, departs, even though we may come into possession of the thing desired, our possession is but a formality and a farce.

Our attitude to and our management of our natural resources, the possessions with which we are endowed, have much to do with our acquiring of other possessions and also their permanence.

There are those who are satisfied, even gratified, with the possession of a talent and that put away, allowed to lie unexercised, as if able to maintain possession by simply possessing, but we must keep them in action in order to keep them at all. Nothing is really yours until used.

To parade possessions or pride one's self upon them is the sign of a debased and corrupted possessor. It is only possessions that are unenduring and unsteadily held that admit of parading and flaunting. The possessions that lie close are too precious and too much a part of our real selves to be boasted of. It was to this kind that the old exhortation referred as the "treasures that do not corrupt." Possessions that can be rusted or moth eaten have never more than a symbolic value in that they indicate and stand for inner possessions not possible to be parted with, except as we part with our very selves.

We may in our conscious minds desire above all to have love, or money, or power, or health—in any case, it is probably happiness stated in our own chosen terms, but until we possess ourselves of self-balance and self-direction, other possessions will come slowly, or not at all.

The forgetting of self is necessary in order to possess self, and as long as we go after the prize we hope for, with sound motives and sincere intentions, keeping ourselves in the back ground, we are pretty sure to find ourselves well along the way.

—College '26.

The First and Last Automobile of My Home Town

By Agnes Anderson

I AM sure you will think it is a very strange thing that in such an advanced age there would be a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants with only one automobile in it, but when I tell you where the place is, you will understand better. The town to which I refer is situated just south of Mexico, in the mountains of Guatemala, a Republic in Central America. In order to reach the town, a person must travel on horseback for four days over dangerous roads; baggage must be carried by Indian men. This town is Coban.

A man wanted to bring a Ford to Coban to make some money. To do so he had to get twenty Indians to carry it. They took it all to pieces and started on their long journey. I have been told that every time they got to a good stretch of road they put it up and drove it as long as they could, but in a short while had to take it down. At last they reached their destination.

On the Thursday of Holy Week, while we were eating our dinner much at peace, we heard something making a strange noise come tearing down the street. It sounded like an engine, but, not being used to such noises, we ran to the door just in time to see a yellow Ford go rushing down the street. There were heads peering out of every window, and some twenty boys running after the car. As we knew it would soon be back, we waited to see it. There were people in every direction; some were standing in the street, others were looking out of the window, and others were talking excitedly about what they had just seen. Soon about a hundred boys were running after the Ford, screaming at the top of their voices.

The Guatemaleans are Catholics. They worship idols and have processions on religious occasions. As I have said, this was Holy Thursday. Many people from the mountains and nearby towns had gathered to have their annual procession in which they carried the image of Jesus bearing the cross. They had just started with the image when it began to rain. The crowd scattered to seek shelter, but all kept that long face that is peculiar to the Catholics when they are worshipping. Some of them had candles; others, flowers; others were burning incense; and still others were playing instruments to scare the devil away. After waiting for about half an hour for it to stop raining, the Ford came along. The way the expression on their faces changed, shows the depth of their religion. They forgot their candles, flowers, incense, and even the devil, and ran after the car.

The opinion the Indians formed about the car shows their ignorance. Some thought it was the devil, others thought it was an iron animal, still others thought it was the serpent from the Xucaneb (a nearby volcano).

The Coban mission has a gasoline engine which is used to run the printing press. One day the owner of the Ford ran out of gasoline and asked father if he would lend him some until he could go to Guatemala city. Father was willing if he would send for it. The next day a little girl came to get it with a big basket.

I have told you a few of the incidents connected with the first and last automobile of my home town. Do you hope we get another one soon?

—College '27.



BIBLE COLLEGE



Seniors



LESTER RICHARDSON

Indianapolis, Ind.

President Class
Philadelphian Literary Society
Gospel Band
Mission Band

A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows. Mr. Richardson appears never to be contented with present attainments, but is always pressing on to something higher. With his fearless spirit Lester is sure to be a blessing to lost souls in Africa.

FLORENCE TRIPPET

Hazleton, Ind.

Philadelphian Literary Society
(Left School)

CLAY BROWN

Olivet, Ill.

President Gospel Band
Philadelphian Literary Society

A happy man Mr. Brown seems to be. Altho' he is very busy with material things, he always has time for Christian service. His staunch Christian character has been an inspiration to all who have known him.

FLOYD H. BELDEN

Toledo, Ohio

Gospel Band
Philadelphian Literary Society
Student Pastor

Someone has said, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." We are sure that Mr. Belden with his mixture of humor, pleasure and love for spiritual things will win out in life's race.

Seniors



GEORGE GATECLIFF

Olivet, Ill.

Philadelphian Literary Society

Mr. Gatecliff's consistent Christian life is a blessing to those around him. He is a just man and one that fears God. Within him is a chastened hope that ever points heavenward.

HARRY C. SCHIERING

Danville, Ill.

Pastor 'U.B. Church, Danville, Ill.

Mr. Schiering is devout, sincere, and pleasant. He possesses qualities and ideals of Christian character necessary to efficient leadership and worthy of the ministry in which he is engaged.

DON A. THRALL

St. Louis, Mo.

Gospel Band
Mission Band
Philadelphian Literary Society

To be happy is an art few acquire. In Don we find an optimistic, cheerful, and sympathetic fellow. We predict for him a happy future in the mission field.

ROBERT E. LUNDGREEN

Olivet, Ill.

Philadelphian Literary Society

First he was Mr. Lundgreen, now we familiarly call him "Bob". He is a lover of music. Once his sole companion was his violin, but now that comes second since he has a wife. "Bob" is perfectly satisfied with married life.

Bible Undergraduates



Parsons, Blodget, Smith, Urshel, Craycraft, Coley, Harris, Coleman,
Gaunt, Amsdem, Kime, Henderson, Veidt, Sutter, Parsons.

Student Pastors



Kelley, Belden, Nutt, Urshel, Galloway, Frank, Schiering
Young, Lynn, Prof. Grose, Canaday, Henderson.

Christian Service

By Ida Mae Reed

TRUE Christian service is the working out of God's highest plan in the lives of men and women. Throughout the fiber of Christ's teaching runs the thread of sacrifice, and the forgetting of self in the service of others. Jesus said: "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." (Matt. 23:11.) Christ was also an example of what He taught. He girded himself and washed His disciples' feet. He was constantly going about doing good and ministering to the needs of those about Him. If we are to be His true disciples we must follow His example; if we are to portray the Christ life we must be a servant to all. We are not saved merely that our own souls may spend a blissful eternity in the presence of God, but we are saved for service. It is not enough that we should know our blessed Savior, but we want other lives to become enriched and be brought into closer relationship with Him because we have lived. Then our own lives will be gladdened, and Heaven will mean more to us because we have helped some one else. There is no deed, however small, that we do for some one else, in the spirit of Christ, that does not carry its reward to our own heart. Our souls are never so blessed as when God smiles upon us because we have shown Him to the world through service. People in general today are not reading the Bible, but they are reading our lives. If they see there the spirit of unselfish service they realize that there is a God back of that service, and in that life, and they become hungry to know Him.

Real happiness comes to those whose lives are yielded completely to the will and plan of God. To those whose spiritual eyes have not been opened, the life of service seems to be the losing life. They see only the material pleasures and conveniences which the Christian gives up, but are unable to realize the real joy of service, and the peace and rest of the soul that comes as a result of obedience to God.

It is true that God has a plan for every life. To some may be given a definite field in which to labor, but to every child of God is given the privilege of service. He serves best who, day by day in the little details of life, so manifests the spirit of Christ, that those who cross his pathway are lifted closer to God. A smile, a word of encouragement, or a sympathetic act may lift someone from the valley of indecision, or help him through the quicksands of doubt and discouragement. Too often in seeking for the will of God, or struggling to get a definite call to Christian work, the needy souls on every hand are overlooked, and some of the greatest opportunities of life are lost.

Christian service is a fundamental teaching of the Scripture. It is that vital living force which gives strength of character, sympathy of heart, gentleness of disposition, and courage of conviction. It enables us to meet humanity on its own level scattering sunshine wherever we go. In order that our lives may be living benedictions we must be watchful, prayerful, and careful each moment. In so doing we will bless others and our own lives will be enriched here and in the life to come.

—College '24.

How I Entertained A Celebrity

By Nancy Coleman

I WAS twelve years of age and looked upon a preacher as a sort of superhuman being. We lived on the farm and had attended a little country church for several years. We had preaching services only every two weeks; we did not see much of our pastor. For him to call on his parishioners was looked upon as a very honored and important occasion.

Late one Sunday afternoon a car stopped in front of our house, and who should alight but the Rev. Grose. Mother and father were at the barn milking; hence, I saw that I would have to be hostess for a while. For one so full of mischief as I, to entertain one so pious and sanctimonious as the Rev. Grose, was not altogether easy. My heart beat very fast as I stood breathless waiting for him to knock. I heard him scrape his feet—then a gentle rap followed. I opened the door and greeted him with a smile, which I had just manufactured for the occasion. He returned my greeting with a hearty handshake. I led the way to the parlor and gave him a chair and then proceeded to explain the where abouts of my parents, and informed him that they would soon be in.

Since I couldn't think of a thing to say to him, and I thought perhaps he hadn't had time to read the Sunday newspaper, I handed it to him. To my bewilderment he looked very sober and said that it was wrong to read the newspaper on Sunday. Without thinking twice, I replied, "My father does." Rev. Grose merely smiled and said that he was sorry to hear it.

My first form of entertainment had failed—what should I do next? Oh, yes, there was the victrola! I started it going but did not notice what record was on. I was horrified to find that it was the latest song hit, "My Little Girl." I looked at the preacher, then at the victrola. He dropped his head and I noticed that he had caught sight of father's spittoon by the stand table. When I remembered his sermon on the text, "All that ye do, do it to the glory of God," I recalled how he had preached against tobacco, worldly songs, and Sunday papers. Embarrassed, I stopped the victrola.

I could think of only one other thing which would be of interest to my visitor. It was the Bible. I brought the big one from the other room. When I came into the light I noticed that my hands were black with dust from it and proceeded to use my handkerchief to remedy matters while the preacher solemnly watched me.

Meanwhile father and mother came in and I immediately resigned from entertaining the celebrity. I left the room with a bigger conception of what the Bible meant when it said, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

—Bible College '25.

Nuggets of Gold

"The perfection of art is to conceal art."

* * *

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

* * *

"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian angel."

* * *

"The training which makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others."

* * *

"The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures."

* * *

"Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable."

* * *

"As no true work since the world began was ever wasted, so no true life since the world began has ever failed."

* * *

"Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth we take to heaven."

* * *

"That book is good which puts us in a working mood."

* * *

"A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate."

* * *

"Heaven never helps the man who will not act."

* * *

"Let us love life and feel the value of it, that we may fill it with Christ."

* * *

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

* * *

"Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust."

* * *

"There is no true and abiding morality that is not founded in religion."

* * *

"It is not he that searches for praise that finds it."

* * *

"He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity."

* * *

"Do thy duty; that is best; leave unto the Lord the rest."

* * *

"Order is Heaven's first law."

* * *

"Small things are not small if great results come out of them."

* * *

"The greatest truths are simplest; and so are the greatest men."

* * *

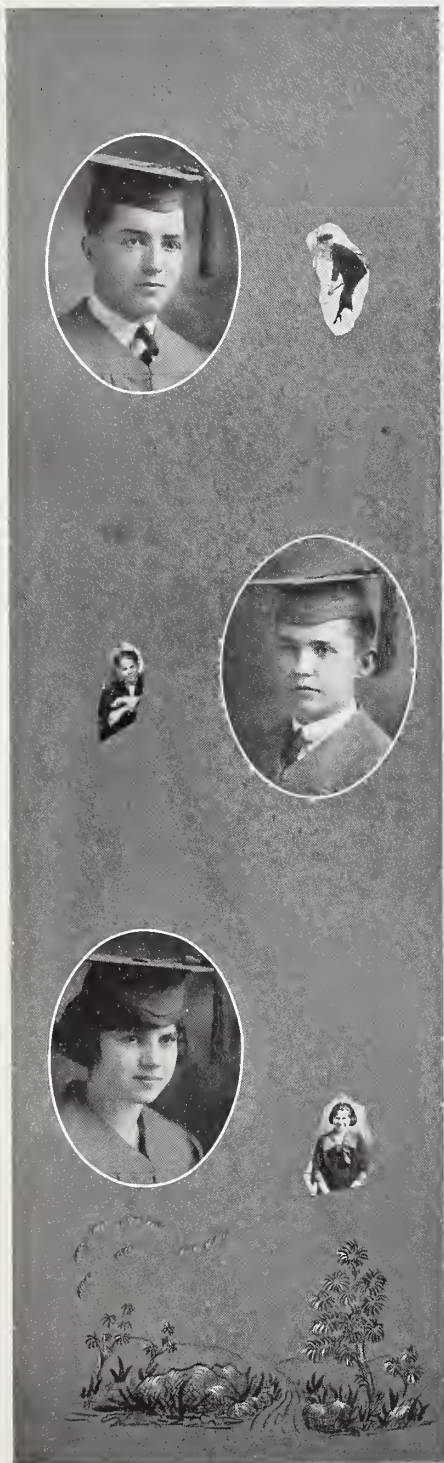
"Much wisdom often goes with fewest words."



ACADEMY



Seniors



CLAYTON GRAVES

Lacona, Iowa

President Class
Aurora Staff
Alathian Literary Society
Peerless Glee Club
L'Etoile Tennis Club
Valedictorian

"Nature creates merit, and Fortune brings it into play." Possessing the tongue of a Clay, he sometimes gives forth weighty truths; but again, Mr. Graves deceives us with reference to his name. We admire him as a friend, school-mate, and Christian gentleman.

JAMES TADLOCK

Olivet, Ill.

Treasurer Class
Junior Athletic Association
Alathian Literary Society

"Blessings on thee little man."

We believe valuable articles come in small packages. "Jip" has won our hearts with his cheerful smile and our admiration with his ability. His mischievousness is associated with a pleasant disposition and a congenial spirit.

ELSIE MADDOX

Fairmount, Ill.

G. A. A.
Orpheus Glee Club
Secretary Class
Alathian Literary Society
L'Etoile Tennis Club

"Burdens become light in her cheerful presence."

Elsie is a charter member of our class and has a host of admiring friends. Her ways are pleasing and not ap-Paul-ing. She has proved a true, loyal friend and is never wanting when a helping hand is needed.

Seniors



MARY DELETTA GROSE

Olivet, Ill.

Vice-President Class
Philaethean Literary Society
Spanish Society
Gospel Band

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."

Miss Grose is quiet and unassuming in her ways, yet she possesses the qualities of a true and loyal friend. She has musical talent, and a thoroughness that insures success.

LABEN M. HUFF

Hooppole, Ill.

Alathian Literary Society
Athletic Club

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

Laben is our poet laureate. He is studious and applies himself diligently to his tasks and holds firmly to his own opinions.

MARTHA E. LYNN

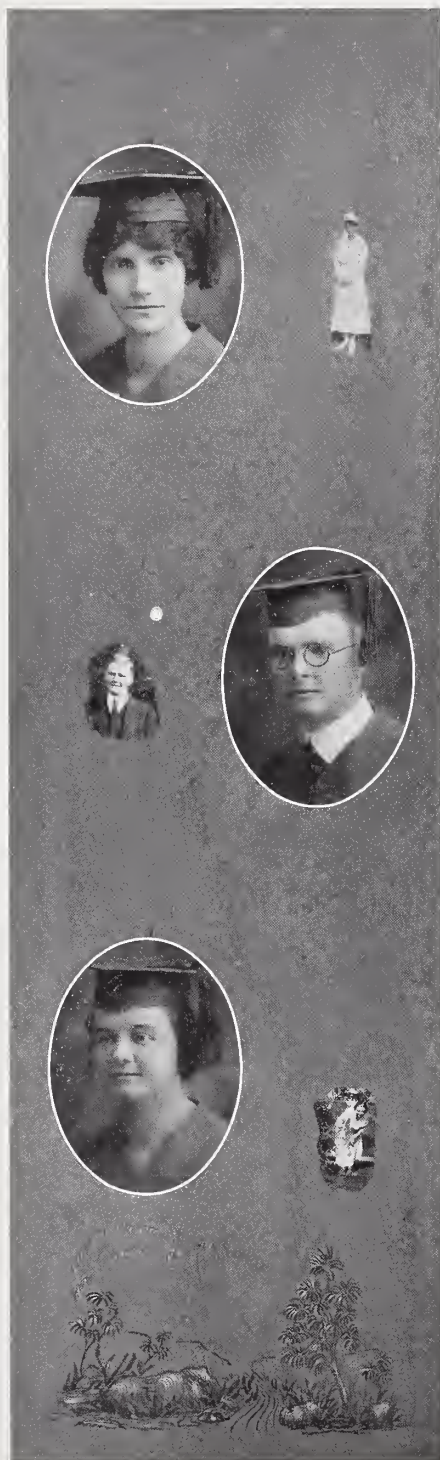
Bluffton, Ind.

Mission Band
African Band
Philadelphian Literary Society

"She has a daily beauty in her life."

A girl possessed with true purposes, who has won a secure place in the hearts of her friends, and the esteem of all who know her. We wish for her true happiness in her work as a missionary to Africa.

Seniors



ANNA LEE COX

St. Louis, Mo.

Graduate Nurse
African Band
Alathian Literary Society
Gospel Band

"Beauties that from worth arise are like the grace of deities."

We are indeed honored to have Miss Cox, our college nurse, in our class. As college nurse she has been successful, not only because of her competent skill, but also because of her gentle manner and cheerful disposition.

C. E. MONTGOMERY

Pontiac, Mich.,

Alathian Literary Society
Gospel Band

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Mr. Montgomery is a faithful member from Michigan, who can not "a-Ford" to remain idle. He has a mind well stocked with wit and fun, seasoned with enough pep and common sense to win for him the true comradeship of his classmates.

RUTH E. RICHARDS

Christman, Ill.

G. A. A.
Orpheus Glee Club
Alathian Literary Society

"Of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a true and loyal heart."

Miss Richards is our pianist. Beneath her quiet reserve we find a pleasant and pleasing personality. Her quiet every-day life is a benediction to all with whom she comes in contact.

Seniors



MAZIE E. ANDREWS

Crawfordsville, Ind.

Spanish Society
Philadelphian Literary Society
Gospel Band

"Modest, yet ever ready for a smile."

To know Miss Andrews is to know a friend. She has a perseverance in her studies which places her at the front of her classes. We are sure that with her sterling qualities she will win her way aright.

FREDERICK C. CONRAD

Lansing, Mich.

Alathian Literary Society
Sunrise Tennis Club
Spanish Society

"It is impossible to please all the world and the faculty too."

Fred is a fun loving youth who believes in taking things as they come and making the best of them.

KATHLEEN SUFFERN

Olivet, Ill.

Orpheus Glee Club
G. A. A.
Philathea Literary Society
Gospel Band

"Her voice was ever soft and low."

Her life portrays courage, constancy and gentleness. We will remember Kathleen by her sweet voice and by her life, which seems to us as perfect as her tones.

Seniors



CHARLES W. BROUGH
Potterville, Mich.

Alathian Literary Society
Athletic Club
Spanish Society
Gospel Band

"That rarest of all things—a constant man."

Here is a splendid young man from Michigan, full of life and Christian zeal; a nature gentle, yet buoyant, is his.

MYRA KELLEY
Lansing, Mich

G. A. A.
Sunrise Tennis Club
Alathian Literary Club

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes, in every gesture dignity and love."

Here is a charming young lady who has won the esteem and admiration of all who know her.

Senior Slips

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Clayton Graves | "Want a hair cut?" |
| Deletta Grose | "Will that be alright?" |
| Elsie Maddox | "Yes, I think so." |
| James Tadlock | "Everbody who believes that stand on your head." |
| C. E. Montgomery | "These old maids won't get me." |
| Laben Huff | "Not on your fat life." |
| Charles Brough | "How do you get that way?" |
| Fred Conrad | "You don't get away with that." |
| Kathleen Suffern | "Listen, Honey." |
| Anna Lee Cox | "Who has been in the Hospital?" |
| Myra Kelley | "Well, I guess not!" |
| Mazie Andrews | "Oh these men!" |
| Ruth Richards | "That's what I think." |
| Martha Lynn | "I'll see about it." |

A Senior's Soliloquy

CAN it be possible? Yes, it must be, at least, I'm not dreaming. My, how these four years have flown. Four years seemed like a long time when I started in at the Academy. But now it seems to have been so short.

I must have been a mighty green freshie—at any rate I got the rassing. Then came my Sophomore year and Caesar. How I wished that Caesar had died before he fought the Gallic Wars! But I got by, even if it was on a C. I surely had a fine time my Junior year. Parties, S. P.'s and everything. Our class gave the Seniors some banquet that year, but we paid high for it real work and hard cash, although it wasn't appreciated much. But now my Senior year is almost ended. Tomorrow morning is commencement and I have almost reached the goal for which I had been working. Commencement! Yes. And now as I draw so near to it, something seems to call me on. Something seems to whisper that there is another goal to gain—a life of service.

I hate to leave the bunch. We've had such jolly times together. After tomorrow we'll separate, perhaps, never to meet again. There's a sad side to graduating after all. Then the teachers! They've been kind and considerate, even though they did give lessons sometimes which I thought were inhumanly long. But it's all over now—all the studying and cramming. I'm glad, too. I'd hate to have to go back and be a Freshman again, or even a Junior for that matter; most of the bunch will probably go to college somewhere. We had a splendid class, original and unusual in some respects at least. I'm glad I belong to the Class of '24.

But we'll not be an active Academy Class much longer. A few more hours and we'll be classed with the Alumni. Our class program is past, our baccalaureate service has gone forever, and soon our commencement will be history. Then I shall have passed "Out of School Life into Life's School."

Junior Class



| | | | | |
|------|-------|----------|----------|----------|
| | Davis | Sloan | Richards | |
| Roth | | Milligan | Reece | Anderson |

THE Academy Junior Class was organized early in the year. As a result of the enthusiastic administration of our president, rapid progress has been made.

The class has published a bi-weekly paper called the *Spectator*, containing news of current interest. This has caused a great deal of competition among our fellow students, especially the Academy Seniors. Toward the last of the year came the greatest event, the Junior-Senior banquet. The banquet was given in the Dining Hall, which was beautifully decorated in the Senior Class colors. A very pleasing program was rendered, after which a four-course dinner was served. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

The Juniors are now looking forward to the time when they shall become dignified Seniors.

Sophomores



Meilert, Clark, Jones, Wood, Sampson
Tonguette, Shaffer, Redmon, Johnson, Harper, Mellert

Freshmen



Craycraft, McMillan, Thompson, Wood, Bush, Buss, McClain, Williams, Propst
Reed, York, Graves, Lewis, Ruttan, Sill

Commercial Graduate



EDNA LEHMAN

"Like a gleam of sunshine on a gloomy day"

Commercial



Tadlock, Conrad, Graves, Richards
Lehman, Smith, Prof. Harter, Coley, Maddox

Eighth Grade Graduates



President Naomi Shelby
 Vice-President Reuben Essex
 Secretary Ruth Cornelius
 Treasurer Joseph Herrell

Motto—"Conquering and still to conquer."

Preparatory Department

By Ida Mae Reed, Principal

THE Preparatory Department has a two-fold purpose. In the first place, regular eighth grade students have the privilege of attending a Holiness School, and passing the first epoch of their educational life under its influences. The training which they receive during this formative period of their lives may be of untold value in molding their characters, and giving them a vision of the importance of receiving their future training in a Holiness School.

Equally important is the other phase of the work of this department. To our school each year come students with great possibilities, but to whom have been denied the educational advantages which others have enjoyed. God has honored them with a call to His work, but they feel the need of some foundation work before they take up the advanced courses in the school. In this department they can receive training along the lines which they need, without embarrassment, and in a sympathetic atmosphere.

A Great Victory Achieved.

By Clayton Graves

WE are a progressive people. Unless we see progress being made, laudable attainments being achieved and civilization reaching higher planes, we are dissatisfied.

Human beings are so built that they enjoy to review their past accomplishments, and they always find pleasure in the fact that they are succeeding and accomplishing something worth while.

The greatest moral reform ever achieved, and one of the greatest strides ever made toward prosperity and happiness was the annihilation of the liquor traffic. This victory over one of the greatest enemies of civilization and free progress was obtained by the adoption of the eighteenth amendment. The prohibition question has been bitterly contested for some time, but ultimate victory for the cause of temperance is assured. Prohibition is a success and has made rapid progress, considering the malicious attacks upon the eighteenth amendment by an unscrupulous and desperately wicked foe. The propaganda published to discredit the Volstead law, the insidious misrepresentation and virulent falsehoods circulated, do not change the fact that prohibition is marching triumphantly on to the blessing of our entire nation.

Any doubts one might entertain in regard to its remarkable achievement will be dispelled by careful attention to the following facts.

Since national prohibition went into effect there has been a decrease in crime of sixty-seven per cent in twenty-five leading cities. In Chicago Bridewell prison there were one hundred sixty-nine deaths from alcoholism in 1917, and in 1921 there was only one.

Every state penitentiary in all the forty-eight states shows a marked decrease in the number of prisoners.

Prohibition is lucrative from the standpoint of fines collected and property seized. For the fiscal year ending June 13, 1922, the total of sums collected amounted to the vast sum of \$14,121,209.93; while the cost of enforcement was only about \$6,500,000.00.

In Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Ill., there used to be dozens of cases of delirium tremens. Now there is seldom a case. Prohibition has made the change.

These are but examples of the potent results of prohibition. There is still another element to be considered—the economic test. Economic prohibition has not failed in America, but has eminently succeeded.

Slowly thoughtful men abroad are coming to see that there are forces to be considered, stronger than brewery trust, stronger even than the ancient habits of races. As such men reflect upon certain manifest conditions now developing in this world, advertised failure of prohibition in America begins to lose its point.

All the experiments with prohibition have shown the same finalities. Everywhere production has been stimulated and production cost has been reduced.

It is to this physical aspect of prohibition chiefly that we owe the strangely placid economic waters we now navigate. An unbinding observation shows that prohibition has been an incalculable economic and moral blessing to millions of our people and to the nation as a whole.

Bank deposits have increased all over the country; jails are empty; thousands of homes are happier, and thousands of men and women are healthier; children are clothed; and whisky cure establishments have gone out of business for the want of patients. Everywhere the effects of prohibition are beneficial.

—Academy '24.

The Spirit Of Thankfulness.

By Mazie Andrews

"O H, dear me," said Widow Brown, as she stirred the few coals left upon the hearth. "It seems as if I have the worst time of anyone on earth. There's not a soul to love me any more. I wish my husband was still living. I guess I will sit down here in front of the hearth and wait for bedtime. It's just ten minutes to nine now."

Slowly, slowly swung the pendulum of the old clock. Slowly, Slowly sank Widow Brown's head upon her breast.

"Eliza Brown," said a reproving voice, "sit up and listen to me. I have tried all evening to talk to you, but because you grumbled so much you could not hear me."

"Well, who on earth can that be," thought Widow Brown. "It is someone who knows my full name. Who are you?" she exclaimed with an impatient voice.

"Just a minute and I'll tell you, old grumbler," was the response.

"Well, I do " Before Widow Brown could finish her sentence the clock door slowly swung open and out bounced a little man about two feet high. He was dressed in a drab gray from the tiny boots on his feet to the tall cap which drooped over one ear.

"Good evening," Widow Brown," he said, taking off his long cap thus allowing his long white locks to hang to the floor. "My name is Mr. Gladheart. I represent the spirit of thankfulness. I've tried for the last ten years to get into your heart, but because it was so hard I could not. I have been in the world from its earliest beginning, seeking to enter the hearts of men who will receive me. I am going to take you on a trip. Come with me."

Strange to say Widow Brown made no resistance, but went flying into space with the little visitor. Up and up they went over the city of London where Widow Brown had lived for years. Higher and higher they soared. Finally they came to a city in the clouds. Over the entrance was an inscription saying: "The City of Days Gone By."

"I have brought you here to visit some of my old friends," said Mr. Gladheart. "First, here is Job. He went through many hard trials, but because I was in his heart he came through conqueror."

There, sure enough, was Job sitting on an ash heap in all the misery of his dreadful affliction, but saying, "By His light I walked through the darkness."

"Now, I want you to see another friend of mine," said the little man. His name is Joseph. His own brother hated him and sold him into slavery, but because he knew me, he came out triumphant over all his trouble. See how happy his face beams," said the dwarf, as they passed by Joseph, who was talking to his brothers. "He has me in his heart."

On and on they went through the strange city, looking upon men who had conquered their foes by having become acquainted with this Mr. Gladheart. There was David, Jonah, Moses and all, just as they were in the days gone by. She could not stop to speak to them, for the little visitor hurried on. Finally they came to the end of the street.

"Now," said the dwarf, "here is my best friend. He has stood all and has come through victorious. He is Paul the Apostle. Hear what he has to say."

She listened as he said, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Spirit of Thankfulness (Continued)

By this time Widow Brown was weeping. "Come come my friend, you have seen enough," said Mr. Gladheart.

Down, down they went until they were in Widow Brown's little room again.

"Oh, how shall I persuade you to come into my heart and stay," she said sobbing and crying.

"This is the only way," he said. "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my father will love him, and we will come unto him and will make our abode with him."

Widow Brown raised her head to look at the small visitor, but to her amazement, he had vanished. In his place stood one whose look was full of compassion. Before her in all his beauty, stood her Savor Jesus Christ, with the tender look on his face as of old. She extended her hand toward him, but He was gone.

One—two—three . . . nine, struck the old clock. Up jumped Widow Brown. "I have been dreaming," she said. Yet she never forgot the great truth of Thankfulness.

—Academy '24

The Hidden Life

*My Savior has a secret sweet,
With me and me alone;
No enemy can ever read
The name on my white stone.*

*My Savior gave his life for me;
In Him, my soul has died
To all the charm of earth and time
To self, and worldly pride.*

*My life is hid with Christ in God;
No enemy I fear.
For Satan has no power to harm,
While I abide safe here.*

—Hazel Canaday
College '24.

The Rising Hour

By M. Ruth White

*Between the dawn and the daylight,
When night seems to lose its power,
Comes a break in my blissful dreaming
Which is known as the rising hour.
I hear in the wing just beyond me
The tramping of many feet.
The sound of doors that are opened.
And voices—I dare not call sweet.*

*Me thinks, I see in my fancy
The dining hall welcome me.
And I wonder just what Mother Pryor
Will serve to her children and me.
A door bangs, then comes silences:
Yet I know it will not be long
Till the hallways will be crowded
With a hurrying, scurrying throng.*

*A sudden rush down the stairways
In answer to breakfast call!
By two doors left unguarded
We enter the dining hall!
After first good mornings are spoken.
Some seek a vacant chair;
While others greet each new arrival
With "it's time you were getting here."*

*With eager anticipation
We watch the clock on the wall
As it grinds off the slow moving minutes
Till the buzzer sounds, and then all
Approach the breakfast tables
Where toast, spuds and oatmeal abound;
Then we eat, we drink, and are merry
Until Miss Knop glances around.*

*And with hesitating fingers
Touches her silver bell,
Which to some, sends out notes as mournful
As those of a funeral knell.
Too soon is the time for our chatting
And friendly repartee o'er:
Yet the weighty matters of school life
Urge us on through the dining hall door.*

*Though Olivet's children may wander
In thunder, in lightning, or shower:
There is naught can erase from their memory
The joys of her rising hour.*

—College '27.



FINE ARTS



Graduates



PEARL V. RICHEY

Olivet, Illinois
Graduate of Expression
Philathea Literary Society
Orpheus Glee Club
G. A. A.
Gospel Band

Her very eyes are eloquent with meaning. Her words, like angels, go at her behest to touch the heart strings of an audience.

"Her every tone is music's own
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

MARY K. TONGUETTE

Olivet, Illinois
Certificate, Voice
Orpheus Glee Club
G. A. A.
Philathea Literary Society
Gospel Band

Truly Mary is merry. She's the embodiment of freedom from care which is reflected in the presentation of her songs. "She does but sing because she must."

MADGE THOMPSON

Coffey, Missouri
Certificate, Voice
Orpheus Glee Club
Philathea Literary Society
G. A. A.
Sunrise Tennis Club

Madge sings with soul and brilliancy. In her music she finds expression for the same spirited enthusiasm which marks her other activities.

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth."

EMILY J. STEELE

Chicago, Illinois
Certificate, Voice
Orpheus Glee Club
Philathea Literary Society
Gospel Band
African Band

Emily is as true as "steel." Withal she has a sense of humor, a devotion to right, and steadfastness of purpose. Her accomplishments are marked and indicate possibilities for future development.

FLORENCE E. TONGUETTE

Olivet, Illinois
Certificate, Piano
President, Orpheus Glee Club
Philathea Literary Society
Athletic Club

With courage and tenacity of purpose Miss Tonguetta has risen above circumstances and difficulties. Her productions are pleasing, her touch light, her melodies sweet.

Graduates



RUTH E. PRYOR

Columbus, Ohio
Certificate, Voice

Orpheus Glee Club
Philathea Literary Society
L'Etoile Tennis Club
G. A. A.

We all know her by "Micky." Her merry laugh and big-heartedness has won her many friends. The Artist made Ruth well-rounded, for she shows real ability as a violinist and a dramatic soprano.

LUCILLE APPLEBY

Olivet, Illinois
Certificate, Violin

Orpheus Glee Club
Violin Quartet

Billy has truly been endowed with frankness. Her naivete makes her winsome; her sunny disposition, congenial; her violin rendations, charming.

CHRISTINE PEAKE

Olivet, Illinois
Certificate, Piano, Voice, Violin

Orpheus Glee Club
Violin Quartet
Philathea Literary Society

Terpsichore, through whose influence she manifests skill in voice, violin and piano. "Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony" and carrying us to the "Peaks" of rapturous estasy.

RUTH GILLEY

Olivet, Illinois
Certificate, Piano

Orpheus Glee Club
G. A. A.
Philathea Literary Society
Sunrise Tennis Club

"Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in a fitful fantasy."

Ruthie is careful and exact in all her work. Diligence is the key to her success.

Expression



Lundgreen, Johnson, Blodgett, Blodgett, Shannon, Canaday, Sherman, Belden, Andrews, Brown
Collins, Coleman, Gaunt, Prof. Stahl, Richie, Foster, McMillan
Martha Fix

Expression

*What richness, power, and glorious majesty,
What golden gladness and what loveliness.
And what enlargement most imperial
That life will know which to Expression's art
Is dedicated. Oh, all creation then
Seems tuneful with undying harmony.
The world becomes orchestral; all that is
Makes music for that happy, happy soul
Who deep into Expression's secrets goes
And learns her sweet and mighty mysteries.*

*She leads into shining Promised Land;
Fair, tranquil rivers overflowing there
With milk of life and richest honey run.
Existence as the days of heaven on earth
Becomes, and blissful Paradise seems won.*

*The thundering music of the centuries
Acclaims the ones who wear the service crowns
Undyed with blood of slaughtered fellow men,
Who were the stairs to wicked eminence.
By blessing roads, and not by gory ways,
They go, who take Expression for their star,
Seeking to be true helpers of the world,
And benedictions to humanity.*

—Prof. E. Wayne Stahl.

Art Students



Propst, Blodgett, Stahl, Sherman, Nease
Peake, Hoover, Smith, Hoover
Cain

Christian Workers Applied Art



Kelley, Sherman, Swope, Shannon, Blodgett, Lynn

Piano



Allen, Swope, Hasselbring, Hasselbring, Lehman, Smith, Peake, York, Anderson, Young Sloan, Gilley, Peake, Harter, Price, Knox, Richie, Tonguette, Peters, Propst, Tadlock, Davis, Redmon, Pryor, Richards, Peake, Bowman, Aycott, Greer, Tadlock, Smith, Nease, Grose, Graycraft, Thompson.

The possession of genuine talent is assuredly indispensable to the highest success in musical attainments, nevertheless, it is almost useless or at least greatly handicapped, unless accompanied by the priceless faculty of self-development. There are those who have been told that they possess "great talent" and on the strength of this opinion they become self satisfied, unambitious and afraid to work.

Doubtless they also possess "fatal facility," the ability to learn readily, to commit to memory, and often to forget easily. There is no one so talented that he can afford to neglect hard, persistent work; so gifted naturally, that he can deem it worth while to avoid cultivating the trait of self-development. In fact, it often seems as if an impartial heaven bestows this precious gift in greater profusion upon the less talented by way of compensation for the lack of natural endowment. The success, which comparatively talentless musicians achieve by dint of enormous effort and ceaseless work, is marvelous and would almost make one a skeptic as to the function of talent.

This, however, would be unsound speculation, for it is a well-known fact that talent and hard work combined alone enable one to rise to the highest possibilities in music.

—Mrs. H. H. Price.

Vocal



Bowman, Sloan, Davis, Amsden, Grose, Thornburg, Shannon, Canaday, Steele, Garr,
Young, Chesemore, Weir.
Smith, Knox, Thompson, Peake, Prof. Peters, Tonguette, Pryor, Price, Ludwig

The Art of Singing

The Fine Arts consist in the beautiful expression of a chosen idea. This may be effected by the pencil, the chisel, the pen of the poet or musician, or even by the inflections of the voice. They consist of two chief divisions, natural and acquired. The mind conceives the ideas, art gives it expression, and in its expressed form leaves it to commend itself to persons of good taste.

While it is true that singers are born and not made, yet there are other requisites necessary for a singer. Voice, although most precious, is not all. There is need besides of a constant, deep and serious study of respiration and correct pronunciation.

The student must be gifted, not only with voice and a good ear, but with an artistic soul, a musical disposition, and a good memory. It must be remembered, moreover, that art does not give more voice to any individual than nature has furnished. A beautiful and powerful voice is useless unless its possessor educates it by the rules of Art. He must make himself master of a singing respiration if he desires to employ with profit the gifts that nature has so lavishly bestowed.

The vocal department of Olivet firmly believes that Art is the gift of God, and should be used to His glory. Its aim and purpose is to so implant in the students these ideals that they will be enabled to give to the world the portrayal of true vocal artistry.

—Miss Helen Peters

Violin



Shaffer, Buss, Lundgreen, Harter, McClain, Greer, Prof. Cain
York, Peake, Pryor, Thompson, Appleby, Trippet.

Music is to our lives what the sunshine is to the flower. Like the golden shafts of light which kiss the bud in the morning and cause it to blossom and gives forth a rich perfume to bless the passers-by, so music touches the soul of the youth and by its benediction causes to develop a fragrant life, radiant with inspiration and blessing.

The violin has played a very important part in the history of music as well as in the lives of musicians. It is used not only by the single performers, but also as the leading instrument in orchestras. While we cannot all become artists, by persistent effort we may be enabled to appreciate the good and beautiful to a greater degree. As a result our lives will be richer, our usefulness greater, the world better for its influence.

—Prof. J. R. Cain.

Olivet Mixed Quartette



Price

Price

Peters

Peters

Olivet Violin Quartette



Appleby

Cain

Peake

Pryor



STUDENT LIFE



The Aurora Staff



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The Staff In Literature

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|
| Prof. Price | Measure for Measure. |
| S. T. Ludwig | The End of the Play. |
| Ida Mae Reed | All's Well that Ends Well. |
| William Sloan | Much Ado About Nothing. |
| Byron Nease | The Comedy of Errors. |
| Samuel Herrell | A Lover's Complaint. |
| Robert Cornelius | The Taming of the Shrew. |
| Harvey Galloway | Our Mututal Friend. |
| Gertrude Sill | A Mid-Summer's Night Dream. |
| Ailene Gilbert | As You Like It. |
| Ruth Cooper | L'Allegro. |
| Myrtle Sherman | The Shepherdess. |
| Ruth Gilley | Little Women. |
| Clayton Graves | The Merchant of Venice. |

The Aurora Contests

THE Literary, Snap Shot, and Cartoon contests were entered by a goodly number of representative students. Special interest was shown by those competing for the literary honors.

Members of the faculty were chosen by the Staff to act as judges. The first prize for the best literary article presented is five dollars in gold; the second, a special designed Aurora. The first prize for the snap-shot and cartoon contest is two and one-half dollars in gold; the second, a special designed Aurora.

We are glad to announce the following prize winners:

| LITERARY | SNAP SHOT | CARTOONING |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| First Prize: | First Prize: | First Prize: |
| Madge Thompson | Marie Sloan | Grace Blodgett |
| Second Prize: | Second Prize: | Second Prize: |
| Ailene Gilbert | Ruth Pryor | Mazie Andrews. |

Contributors

We are pleased to acknowledge the valuable assistance rendered to the Staff by the following persons:

Prof. E. Wayne Stahl
Elsie Jenks
Hazel Canaday
Hilda Findlay
Ruth White
Laben Huff

Prof. J. W. Stoke
Ruth Pryor
Martha Lynn
A. J. Frank
Grace Blodgett
Dorothy Kelley

Editorial

To all who read these pages, greeting:

The 1924 Aurora is before you. Its arrival brings to our minds the fact that another year of our College life is fast coming to a close and soon the curtain of time will have dropped on the scenes of its activity.

To some this may have been a year of testing and trial; to others it has meant the realization of their hopes and ambitions; to all it has been a year of advancement and progress. We are reluctant to entertain the thought that soon we will be separated and unable to enjoy the pleasant association of school-mates. We do not hesitate to express our regret, for it only testifies to the genuineness of our friendships.

As a Staff we have our own peculiar difficulties. At times we have been confronted by problems and trying situations, but these have only been a challenge to success. We have earnestly endeavored to reflect the activities of the year in a way that is truly representative. To promote the interests of Olivet College has been uppermost in our minds. We have endeavored to trace the hand of Divine Providence throughout the past year, for we recognize God alone, as the true sovereign of mankind.

We wish to thank the student body for their co-operation, encouragement and loyal support. We are indebted to the Administration for the kindness and courtesy they have extended to us. We are not unmindful of those, who, though not of our immediate number, have so kindly assisted us. Whatever degree of success we may have attained in this publication has largely been due to the efficient labors of its contributors.

With an earnest desire that this may be a fitting memorial to the year 1923-1924, we submit this volume for your perusal.

The Aurora Picnic

Friday was resplendent with "October's bright, blue weather." Between the dining hall and Administration building were gathered groups of students, laughing and talking about the victory of the Purples. The defeated Golds were completing their preparations for the afternoon, to be spent among the beauties of nature.

At half past one, after some snap-shots had been taken, the students gathered in front of the kitchen to start for the woods. The route chosen meant a two-mile hike through open fields, and across woodland. After all had arrived at the grounds, darebase and other games were enthusiastically engaged in by all.

As the light began to fade and give place to the shadows of evening, there came what to many was the most welcomed feature of the picnic—a weiner roast. Besides the weiners, hot coffee and marshmallows were served. Two or three large bonfires were started, and around each were gathered an eager crowd of students. After everything in the line of eats had disappeared, a male quartet sang as the fires burned low.

Then the happy picnickers started back toward the quiet village of Olivet.

—Ralph Carter, College '27.

The Aurora

*The Aurora is the annual
Of Olivet so fair;
A College dedicated
To training, praise, and prayer.*

*We want to send our year book
Throughout our prosperous land;
So all can have an earnest
Of Olivet so grand.*

*It has a wondrous mission,
The betterment of men;
To execute this vision
Our purpose it has been.*

*The harvest field is whitened,
The laborers are few.
We're here in school preparing
Our future work to do.*

*Now, when you read these pages.
And see what we have done;
Give praise to God, the Father,
And praise to God, the Son.*

—Laben Huff, Academy '24.

The Alumni Association

THE Alumni Association of Olivet College, as we have it today, is the outgrowth of the Student Fellowship and Alumni Association which had its beginning in 1917. Since that time several attempts have been made to set up a strictly Alumni Association. The present one bids fair to be successful and permanent.

Last year a number of Olivet graduates formed a tentative organization under the able leadership of Carl McClain '23. That organization



Laurence H. Howe

made plans for an Alumni meeting in the fall, at which meeting there were present Alumni members from several states and representatives from graduating classes as far back as 1912. A constitution and set of by-laws were adopted and officers were elected for the coming year. Our organization is the first to have the full support of the President and to be formerly recognized by the Board of Trustees.

What has been done so far this year is but a start in the right direction. We have established a department of Scholarship and Student Loan, which more than justifies our existence this first year. This department is loaning money to worthy students at the present time and through the courtesy of President Sanford we offer two scholarships to the incoming classes next fall. One of these, The Bresee, is limited to Nazarene Young People; while the other, The Vermilion County, is offered to members of the graduating class of any high school in the county.

The work of building a solid Alumni Association has not been without its problems. Those who are eligible to our organization, though only two or three hundred in number, were originally drawn to Olivet from widely separated portions of the country and are now as widely separated as before. Collective enthusiasm has, therefore, been impossible. Those who have responded have done so with great earnestness, but our only hope of a lasting, worth-while organization is that it be as broad in its interests as are the lands encompassed by Olivet's sons and daughters. While our organization must necessarily begin with those of our number who live in or near Olivet, yet if it is to be representative it must enlist the interest and the support of those who are separated by many miles, and perhaps by a number of years, from the scene of college days, but who, after these years of contact with a work-a-day world, should be able to appreciate the value of such a fellowship more fully.

For the present we shall center our energy on the practical problem as given to us in the department of Scholarship and Student Loans; for in it we find a tangible and worthy objective which is of practical value to our Alma Mater, and at the same time an assistance to those who will themselves soon be one of our number.

—Rev. Laurence H. Howe, President
Harvey, Illinois.

AVESTAN BULLETIN

PUBLISHED WEEKLY by COLLEGE CLASS of '25

EXTRA



DO YOU KNOW?



STAFF

Editor-in-chief A.J. Frank.
Ass't. Editor Hilda Findlay.
Typist Edna Gilley.

EDITORIAL

"Pass word of memory, of by-gone days; thou everlasting epitaph; is there a land in which thou hast no dwelling place?"

Herein we have endeavored to execute the vision caught by the Class of '25 in its freshman year; to express its desire to bring to Olivet the highest type of class loyalty and devotion; not for ourselves, but for a greater OLIVET.

We have sought to maintain those ideals of christian service which are essential factors in the building of strong character.

The bulletin has enjoyed the co-operation of our readers, and hope that next year we will be better able to serve the student body. Goodbye but not farewell.

Need exercise?
"Sugar" says speed to the mail car once a day.

IN HIS COURSE

Day is dawning in the East,
Night, in all her dusky robe,
Sees him coming, draws her curtain,
Folds her garments close about her,
And retreats to nether globe.

Then Sol issues forth supreme
Wakes the quiet, sleeping world,
Gilds the mountains and the valleys,
Blesses e'en the meanest creature
From his chariot emperored.

Up he mounts the azure heights,
Dewdrops into "pearl-chains" makes,
Drys the tears of all the flower,
And dispells the gloom of autumn,
Smiles o'er fields, and fens,
and lakes.

Down he makes a slow descent
Sheds his longer shafts of light,
'Till the rosy glow of evening
Fades in ever changing beauty,
And gives place to shades of night.

--- Ailene Gilbert.

NOTICE!

Sophomores: Please park your kiddy kars and tricycles on the south side of the building.

Harris: What is your average income?
Henderson: About 12 O'clock.



Philathean Literary Society



Sanford, Wood, Nutt, Herrell, Nease, Stark, Cornelius, Chesemore, Trees, Galloway, Frank, Ludwig,
 Gilbert, Goode, Reed, Reynolds, Morris, Sill, Smith, Gilley, Canaday, Anderson, Grose, Guthrie, Shorten.
 Carter, Richie, Sill, Thornberry, Price, Peake, Smith, Peake, Suffern, Allen, Young, Sloan, Thompson, Short, Sloan, Gilley, Pryor, Gabosh, Appelby, Bowman.

Under its splendid pilotage the Philathean Literary Society has sailed through the past year with marked success. Our membership has shown a decided increase from last year, the number reaching its zenith at sixty.

As our name Philathean (Lover of truth) implies, we have ever been admirers and sincere pursuers of things great, good and beautiful. It has not been the purpose of our society merely to exist. We have a definite goal in view. Three mountain peaks have ever been before us: self-culture, patriotism, and devotion to God. Toward the attainment of these, noble efforts have been made.

Much zest and increased interest in Society activities have been added this year by the division of the organization into two political parties, viz: Tories and Whigs, the system of electing the candidates being conducted similarly to that of the Parliament of England. The platform of each party has been built on political issues of today, which are of vital interest to all American citizens, together with a strong local platform of special interest to Philatheans.

Out from this society, each year, are going young men and women to bless the world; but wherever they go they will, no doubt, look back to the hours spent in the Philathean Society as some of the most pleasant and profitable hours of their school life.

Alathian Literary Society



Millikan, Herrell, West, Conrad, Harper, Clark, York, Mellert, Sloan, Shelby, Gaar, Richards,
 Tonguette, Kelley, Mellert, Cornelius, Graves, Anderson, Roth.
 Sill, Redmond, Bush, Maddox, Johnson, Graves, Richards, Reece, Davis, Wood.
 Propst, Shaffer, Thompson, Buss, Craycraft, McClain, Tadlock.

Through the gate of Opportunity and under the keystone of Truth, the members of the Alathian Literary Society have set forth in the exploration of the field of literary art. As a band of earnest workers, animated by the spirit of determination and actuated by the desire for progress, we have sought to develop our natural resources and discover our latent powers by attempting the various modes of expression. Under the efficient leadership of our critic, Professor Stoke, we have followed the paths of knowledge which those of our sister society, the Philathean, have tread before us and mapped out for us. Though not boasting of our accomplishments we press on endeavoring to give expression to that which we possess, for we believe that, "To him that hath shall be given."

*"The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight."*

Philadelphian Literary Society



Kime, Blodgett, Parsons, Richardson, Smith, Jones, Urshel, Linnberg, Craycraft, Harris,
Hasselbring, Parsons.
Collins, Eggleston, Amsden, Hasselbring, Henderson, Coleman, Gaunt, Veidt, Sutter.

The Philadelphian Literary Society is for students registered in the Theological department and all others preparing for Christian work who wish to join. The word *Philadelphian* means "Brotherly Love." We believe this society has proven herself worthy of this name by the beautiful spirit which exists among its members. Although it is a literary society, we are always willing to let the Holy Ghost have the right-of-way. It is never out of order to get blessed, or say "Amen," and "Praise the Lord."

Another good thing about the Philadelphian Literary Society is the absence of a spirit of partiality. Officers are elected every six weeks. This affords excellent drill in parliamentary laws, which of course will be of great value to those entering public work.

Although most of the members are working their way through school, they are always ready with a hearty response of cooperation to do something worth while. This year they placed two magazines in the library, viz: "The Sunday School Times" and the "Christian World."

The Society feels very fortunate this year in having Professor Grose for their faculty representative. His duty has been to offer suggestions, constructive and destructive, at the close of each program. He has been a great blessing and help to the Society.

We believe the nature of the Philadelphian Literary Society is such that every out-going student, who has been a member, will look back with appreciation to the profitable times spent in this Society.

Peerless Glee Club



Sloan, Peake, Trees, Lehman, Galloway, Frank, Harrell, Graves, Ludwig, Cornelius,
Nease, Bowman.

Prof. Price, Ruth Richards, Pianist

Orpheus Glee Club



Pryor, Garr, Gilley, Suffern, Young, Goode, Shannon, Thornberry, Richie, Richards, Davis,
Sloan, Gabosh, Price, Thompson, Peake, Harter, Peters, Tonguette, Richards, Peake, Gilbert,
Thornburg, Tonguette, Gilley, Maddox, Appelby, Smith, Steele, Tonguette.

Orchestra



Tonguette Shaffer, Appleby, Greer, Ludwig, Weir, Allen, Tadlock, Sill, Grose, Bowman,
Conrad, Trippet, Johhson, Price Sloan, Herrell.
Pryor, Peake, Prof. Cain, Peake, Lundgreen, Peake, Thompson.

Band



Price, Sloan, Herrell, Harter, Propst, Weir, Allen, Ritchie, Tadlock, Peake
Reese, Grose, Sill, Pryor, Craycraft, Bowman, Ludwig.

Spanish Club



Carter, Sloan, Clark, Johnson, Cornelius, Conrad, Brough, Frank, Thrall, Reese, Weir, Redmon, Collins, Grose, Canaday, Anderson, Sloan, Gabosh, Davis, Canaday, Roth, Anderson, McMillan, Andrews, Gaar.

Mission Band



Chesemore, Harris, Smith, Blodgett, Smith, Urshal, Stark, Frank, Bauerle, Galloway, Johnson, Canaday, Anderson, Chesemore, Guthrie, McMillan, Webb, Shorten, Kime, Gabosh, Morris, Findlay, Cherry, Appleby, Tonguette, Amsden, Andrews, Lehman, Lynn, Sill, Muse, Bauerle, Stark, Reed, Gilbert, Craycraft, Walker, Rogers, Henderson, Harper, Richardson, Weir, Clark, Thrall, Millikan, Anderson, Eggleston, Veidt, Gaunt, Swope, Foster, Coleman, Steele.

Olivet Gospel Band



Oliver's Representation at the General Assembly



Girls' Athletic Association



Roth, Gilley, Thornberry, Kelley, Suffern, Richards, Davis, Peake, Richie,
Sill, Smith, Gilbert, Short, Maddox, Appelby, Redmon, Pryor, Peake, Gabosh,
Anderson, Sloan, Allen, Tonguette, Gilley, Thompson.

Girls' Basket Ball Team



Gilley
Gilbert Pryor
Goode Richards
Maddox Sloan
Thompson Tonguette Gilley

Junior Athletic Club



Buss, McClain, Craycraft, Thompson, Reese.
Propst, West, Conrad, Tadlock, Bush.

Senior Athletic Club



Kelley, Johnson, Cornelius, Frank, Herrell, Sloan, Graves, Price, Smith, Brough, Jacobs, Millikan
Carter, Peake, Lehman, Stark, Nease.

E'Ltoile Tennis Club



Lehman, Harper, Herrell, Ludwig
Sloan, Gabosh, Tonguette, Johnson, Frank, Steele, Pryor, Maddox.
Bowman, Gilbert, Sloan, Gilley, Graves.

Sunrise Tennis Club



Cornelius, Galloway
Thompson, Allen, Sampson, Suffern, Appleby, Morris, Goode, Swope, Gilley,
Herrell, Shaffer, Wood, Sloan, Conrad, Carter.

The Tennis Tournament.

THE Tennis Tournament, conducted in the fall of the year, proved to be one of the outstanding features of the school year. Both tennis clubs entered heartily into the spirit of the game, causing much friendly rivalry among the respective members. The result was that some who had hoped to win the desired prize of championship were to be satisfied by being eliminated in the first round while others contested the goal quite successfully.

The intermittent cries of service, one, two, thirty-love, add here, could be heard almost any time during the noon hour and after school. Eager groups of students watched at intervals the progress of the games and cheered as points were scored and victories won. The passing of balls back and forth across the net; the characteristic murmur of tennis rackets as they came into contact with some unruly drive; the occasional burst of enthusiasm as victory was assured, all this presented an interesting picture of student activity vibrant with life and energy.

All too soon, however, the King of night drew the shades of evening and the sound of the study hour bell sent out notes as mournful as those of a funeral knell.

As a result of his superior ability, Samuel Herrell was accorded the championship of the E'Ltoile Tennis Club. Byron Nease was found to be the victor of the Sunrise Tennis Club. These two were not permitted to engage in actual contest for soon the autumn breezes retreated before that encroaching season in which tennis balls gave place to snow balls.

Zoology Class



Classroom management is one of the earliest forms of public instruction. It allows the group to be dealt with as a unit, thus making it a matter of practical economy. While there can be no doubt that this method has its disadvantages, yet its advantages so outweigh them that it has persisted even to the present day educational program.

Our College is favored by having a corps of efficient teachers who present daily truth in a safe and sane manner. They are not satisfied to merely give us the usual grind of lessons, but they bring to us, in a new light, those fundamentals of life which make for happiness and success. They are interested in each individual and seek to impart knowledge in a way that will build character. They will sacrifice any pleasure to lend a helping hand along the rugged path of knowledge. Their greatest happiness seems to lie in the hearty response that comes from an individual or class as a new revelation of truth is brought to their understanding.

Each class recitation is opened by prayer, asking for that Divine guidance promised us by the Wisest of all the wise when he said, "I will lead you into all truth."

College Senior Class Prophecy

By Gertrude Sill

*Once more we see the shadow creeping
O'er the dial-plate of time,
And know it moveth to the point that
Marks the closing day of school.
Our hearts beat high in raptured glee, new
Life within us surges forth.
We breathe the healthful air of spring for
'Tis the verdant season's dawn.*

*A few more years, a change I see as
In my mind the years pass by.
I go in thought with Senior friends to
Where, in nineteen forty-nine,
The rays of a successful sun shines
On their golden afternoon;
And there a picture I construct of
Things that are, for them, to be.*

*Hence five and twenty years along the
Road that Ida's life pursues
Appears a handsome cottage built by
Hands that work for love alone.
'Tis evening and the lights within are
Burning, oh so brightly,
And softly through the twilight comes a
Strain of music's melody.*

*Why wonder what can be the scene with-
In those decorated walls?
For thru' the window may be seen a
Happy bride and stately groom.
But what? so elderly they look!.. just
Listen then while parson speaks
And catch this one and only clause. "your
Silver anniversary."*

*Then down another's path I view, Ah
Yes, I know that traveler well;
And do not marvel in the least that
He has reached his goal of fame.
Since Bryan's peerless, silver tongue has
Ceased to sway the tentative throng,
Pat Kelley's voice in public life doth
Serve his country's fellow men.*

*Tho' to the heights his footsteps lead, he
Still doth love his home sweet home.
And in its quiet blessedness his
Wife her tasty arts perform.
'Tis in their home friends often meet just
After Cupids' had success,
And there the fatted duck is served with
Dainties in a grand display.*

*Yes, hist'ry must repeat itself, I
Think, as mem'ries come to mind;
But I must draw another scene; this*

*Time 'tis in a distant land,
Which lies in southern climes be-
Low the Caribbean Sea.
And has this country had its hist'ry
With another old king Tut?*

*Far down beneath the earth's hard crust has
Science found the secret out,
And there in nineteen forty-nine, in
Excavated tombs and caves,
Where ancient dummies tell the story
Of that country's early days,
I see Miss Canaday in search of facts to
Place upon the history page.*

*And her's is not the only road that
Takes its pilgrim far from home.
Another one I surely see that
Leads across the briny wave.
There in the dark of India's night where
Lost ones seek a God of love,
Ralph Bauerle unfolds the Light and
Brings a daybreak to their souls.*

*A goodly hand has been the one that
Led him to this heathen land.
The East and West of India's field are
Now converted into one.
And o'er this district he presides as
India's Superintendent there.
Yes happy are his wife and he, God
Bless them greatly as they toil.*

*There's yet another name in mind be-
Fore my scanning is complete,
And with that name come memories of
Music in their gentle strains.
Time's wheel revolving, in advance re-
Veals the course that this one takes;
For Dorothea, an old time friend, the
Way of happiness pursues;*

*But not alone, for there is one fate
Hath decreed with her to be.
Her husband, singer much renowned, she
'Companys in a coast to coast campaign.
That art of accompanying learned at school
To her has not been lost.
Long days we'd give to them with
Peace and harmony.*

*Here just a glimpse has been revealed, thy
Destiny is yet untold.
We hope 'twill be a glorious end like
Autumn's day declining.
Press on and scale the steep 'til thou the
Last sharp ridge shall mount
And then when thou doth backward look
The way will seem sublime.*

—College '25.

Poet's Corner

TO A FRIEND

*I have a parting word for you,
 'Tis—Fail not.
 What tho dark mountains come in view,
 And lonesome valleys wait for you,
 Fail not.*

*God's promises are always true,
 Doubt not.
 Always some of heaven's blue,
 Always grace enough for you,
 Fear not.*

—Hazel Canaday.

SUNSET

*We see the sunset glow at even-tide,
 And there we find the rosy tinted west.
 We long to see the radiant smile of rest
 That calls us from the cares of life aside
 To laugh amid the splendor. We abide
 Half knowing that in this we are twice blest,
 For we can only do our very best
 When life and beauty tarry side by side.
 Just as the Guardian of the Day his task
 Performs so faithfully, may we in life.
 Our problems solve; assured that He knows
 Which way is best for us before we ask,
 Can safely lead in paths set free from strife,
 And cause our lives to blossom as the rose.*

—T. L.

Educated Grandma

*My grandmother lived in the state of Ohio,
 The wife of a farmer, near Stillwater town.
 She couldn't read Greek, she had never met Io,
 That mythology maiden with tresses so brown.
 My grandmother never had studied at college,
 She knew not its training, she knew not its rules;
 And yet she obtained a more excellent knowledge,
 Than much that is offered at most of the schools.*

*For My grandmother knew how to take a young chicken
 And fry it in butter as yellow as gold;
 And then with some milk (and some flour to thicken)
 A gravy she'd make of a richness untold.
 Epicurus himself would be highly delighted,
 Consuming this fricasseed pullet of spring;
 And an emperor gourmand of Rome all excited
 'Twould make; as he ate it his palate would sing.*

*Though my father's dear mother had never read Plato,
 Nor about the Ulysses they tied to a mast,
 Yet she surely knew how to prepare a potato
 So perfectly well it has not been surpassed.
 She never ascended the mount called Parnassus,
 'Nor drank very deep from Pieria's spring,
 But the cookies she made from old-fashioned molasses
 Would have been a fine present to offer a king.*

*The kitchen was grandmother's laboratory,
 The recipe book the one classic she knew.
 She wasn't familiar with Homer's great story,
 But oh, she was able to bake and to stew.
 And often I think that my grandmother's learning
 So valuable was that some maidens today
 Should seek it with diligence, seek it with yearning,
 Though after their names they can write a "B. A."*

—E. Wayne Stahl.

Remarkable Remarks

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| "Do you get the point?" | Prof. Sanford. |
| "But keep the Glory on." | Prof. Grose. |
| "Attention please." | Prof. Stoke. |
| "We'll have the next report" | Prof. Greer. |
| "Well we'll begin with the assignment". | Prof. Galloway |
| "You may hand your report slips in Saturday". | Prof. Stahl |
| "Is everyone here?" | Prof. Peake. |
| "Give your attention to the explanation." | Prof. Price. |
| "Let us have order" | Prof. Chesemore |
| "Please pay attention in class." | Prof. McClain. |
| "Orchestra practice this evening." | Prof. Cain. |
| "Report at the office please." | Miss Jenks. |
| "You'll please get a chaperon." | Miss Knop. |
| "Open your throat while you sing." | Prof. Peters. |
| "My sakes." | Rose Bauerle. |
| "Ho-ho." | Helen Peters. |
| "Yes" | Chester Harter. |
| "Oh, Junior, come here this moment." | Irene Price. |
| "Let me think." | Myrtle Sherman. |

FALLEN LEAVES



1923

SEPTEMBER

1923

- Mon. 3—Alumni banquet in Canaan Hall.
- Tues. 4—Registration Day. 118 matriculate.
- Wed. 5—"Sugar's" car rides easy.
- Thur. 6—Inmates try to warrant their occupation of Hospital by devouring a huge muskmelon.
- Fri. 7—Farewell surprise on Floyd's. Plenty of weiners, fire, and smoke.
- Sun. 9—New pastor, Brother Grose, preaches.
- Mon. 10—Miss Cox arrives. She becomes aware of the "vanishing hospital" trick.
- Tues. 11—Miss Cain takes up her abode in the Girl's Dorm; she will teach in Georgetown Public Schools.
- Sat. 15—Aurora Staff primary for nomination of members.
- Tues. 18—Election of Aurora Staff members.
- Wed. 19—Leaving a mysteriously broken glass Sam Herrell escapes to Kansas City with cut fingers.
- Thur. 20—Detective Sloan pursues his roommate to Kansas City.
- Fri. 21—First Staff meeting. Future program outlined.
- Sun. 23—Rev. J. E. Williams preaches in the morning and Rev. Nease at night.
- Tues. 25—Many students at General Assembly in Kansas City. Lack of pep in those that remain.
- Sun. 30—Prof. Sanford preaches on "The two ways."

1923

OCTOBER.

1923

- Mon. 1—College and Academy Freshman-Sophomore picnic at Twin Lakes.
- Tues. 2—Mr. Weir celebrates his ? ? ? birthday. I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream!"
- Wed. 3—Back home again at Olivet—Kansas City bunch.
- Thur. 4—Aurora contest between the Purples and the Gold begins.
- Fri. 5—Campaign enthusiasm runs high.
- Sun. 7—Rev. W. R. Gilley preaches at night.
- Mon. 8—College Junior-Senior Picnic - Cake! Cake! ! and tro-cake.
- Tues. 9—"Liquid Air," and not hot air, takes precedence. Prof. Rugg of Champiagn. lectures on "Liquid Air."
- Fri. 12—Willard Wisler's bouquet of roses makes life fragrant for the hospital "patience."
- Mon. 15—Birthday surprise party for Ruth Gilley.
- Tues. 16—Olivet Quartet sings in chapel.
- Wed. 17—Revival begins. Rev. Ruth, evangelist. Good spiritual atmosphere in first service.
- Sat. 20—Miss Cox opens nursery in Room 15. Lucille Appleby makes a visit.
- Sun. Good revival services. Several students find victory.
- Mon. 22—College Freshman and Sophomores have pictures made in Danville. A hard day for Mr. Bowman and Mr. Wirsching.
- Tues. 23—Good break in revival.
- Wed. 24—Our matron's birthday. The dormers present her with a beautiful fern.
- Thur. 25—Rev. Bud Robinson and Rev. Chalfant visit chapel.
- Sat. 27—Prof. Sanford talks to the Psychology class on "concept." A "concept of a man," he says, "is nothing in particular." Margaret Smith heartily agrees.
- Sun. 28—Revival closes with good victory. Thirty joins church in morning service.
- Mon. 29—Academy Junior-Senior party at Vera Gaar's. Ruth Gabosh gets a formal invitation.
- Tues. 30—Sousa's Band in Danville. Olivet turns out.
- Wed. 31—"Soup, souper, soupest." Hallowe'en.

1923

NOVEMBER

1923

- Thur. 1—Nothing unusual.
- Fri. 2—Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey of Richmond, Ind. sing in chapel. Zoological Specimens.
- Sat. 3—Prof. B. D. Sutton inspires "pep" in our chapel singing. Mr. Earl Stevens visits Olivet.
- Sun. 4—A rainy day.
- Mon. 5—New cooks to-day, but we're all alive. Hazel Kime, A. J. Frank, and Harold Johnson relieve the usual force. Miss Peanut-Butter makes her debut.
- Tues. 6—Where did Ruth Gabosh get that box of candy?
- Wed. 7—We are promised a big feed—that is, if we pay our accounts at the business office.
- Thur. 8—Mr. Bowman declines the office of pianist in Phi Society. "They stretched in never-ending line"—those blankets.
- Fri. 9—Group picture day. My! How the Peerless Glee Club can "primp."
- Sat. 10—Hazel Kimes gives a taffy party at Young's. Lucille makes some fudge which she doesn't want to go to S(s)ugar.
- Sun. 11—Armistice Day dawns bright and fair. Lover's lane is not forgotten.
- Mon. 12—E'Ltoile Tennis Club begins their tournament.
- Tues. 13—Fudge, fudge, and more fudge. College Sophomore class meeting in Room 17.
- Wed. 14—A day of anniversaries. Lucille Appleby's birthday. Lela Reynolds's birthday. Prof. and Mrs. Price's wedding anniversary. Herman Jr.'s birthday.
- Sun. 18—Gospel truck goes to Sidney.
- Mon. 19—E'Ltoile tournament continues. Sunrise Tennis Club begins their's.
- Tues. 20—Vocal recital at eight o'clock. Sam Herrell wins boy's singles in E'Ltoile tournament.
- Wed. 21—Prof. Peake concludes the reading of several scenes from "Merchant of Venice."
- Thur. 22—Rev. E. G. Anderson speaks in chapel. Thanksgiving Day program given in Philatheatan Literary Society.
- Fri. 23—Mr. and Mrs. Lowman have charge of chapel. Teachers in Champaign. "When the cat's away the mice will play."
- Sat. 24—Lowell Hoff is welcome guest at the dining hall.
- Wed. 28—College Freshman-Sophomore party.
- Thur. 29—Dormers are guests of the citizens of Olivet for Thanksgiving dinner. Junior class party at home of Byron Nease.
- Fri. 30—Springfield bunch are conspicuous by their absence.

1923

DECEMBER.

1923

- Sun. 2—Rally Day. Over three hundred in Sunday School.
- Mon. 3—Prof. and Mrs. Lowman hold services in the chapel at 7:30.
- Wed. 5—Rain! Rain! And more rain!
- Thur. 6—Byron Nease gives brief inaugural address in Philathean.
- Fri. 7—Rev. and Mrs. Jolley, former Olivet students, are with us in chapel.
- Prof. Stoke announces that he has an extra piece of backbone. Anyone desiring such may see him.
- “Two of the prettiest girls in school,” viz: Marie Sloan and Elsie Maddox, help set out hedge.
- Sat. 8—Meeting of the “Old Maids” somewhere in Olivet.
- Mon. 10—Prof. Stahl gives variations on S.P.’s, *i.e.* sweet potatoes, salt and pepper, Stahl’s poetry and Stahl professor.
- Tues. 11—Rev. Miller of Indianapolis preaches in chapel. Expression Recital at 7:30. Mrs. Peake sends out a help-call for decorators.
- Wed. 12—Violin Recital.
- Thur. 13—Tories win first election of Philatheans. Flonzaley Quartet in Danville.
- Fri. 14—“Wowee! but it’s cold!” Maybe we’ll have some skating yet.
- Mon. 17—Alathian-Philathean Reception. Sam Herrell experiments with the quality of a rubber doll to hold water—but it’s rather hard on Mr. Ludwig.
- Tues. 18—Some chickens graced the dining hall tables! “Better late than never.”
Recital by Olivet Choral Society, conducted by Miss Mabel Claxton.
- Thur. 20—Christmas vacation begins. Many students make haste to catch a train for home. Pre-leap year party at the hospital for those who are left behind.
- Fri. 21-24—Students staying in Olivet work in Danville.
- Tues. 25-31—Christmas feasts and parties galore. Everybody stays up late and goes to meals late. Can you imagine why?
- Mon. 31—Watch-night party concluded by service in the dining hall.

1924

JANUARY.

1924

- Tues. 1—We all make good resolutions!
- Wed. 2—Every one is back except Mr. Ludwig and a few stragglers. School work resumed with a zest. Exams week after next. Improvised parlor broken up.
- Thur. 3—Mabel Redmond is ill. Elmo Goontz is visiting friends in Olivet.
- Sat. 5—The thermometer drops to twenty below. Classes dismissed—no heat. No lights.
- Sun. 6—Sunday School and church held in Canaan Hall.
- Tues. 8—Exams begin; flunk or pass; sink or swim.
- Wed. 9—Vernon Price blows in. Look out.
- Fri. 11—Bachelorettes hold secret session in Room I.
- Sat. 12—Zo-ology class visits the museum of U. & I.
- Mon. 14—Fateful grade cards distributed at two p.m. Skating party at the pond. Laura Coley leaves the Dorm. Edna Lehman leaves for home.
- Tues. 15—Registration Day. Welcome new students. Another skating party. Hayes Stark displays his ability to eat two roasted weiners at the same time. Rev. and Mrs. Huff visit son Laben.
- Wed. 16—Prof. Sanford tells us his plans for an Olivet Nursery in connection with the College.
- Thurs. 17—Rev. Chalfant talks in chapel. Prof. E. A. Thompson of Curry School of Expression, Boston, reads *The Bells* and *Hiawatha* at 8 p.m.
- Sat. 19—Rev. Imogen Quinn speaks in chapel. Olivet receives a huge snow blanket from Mother Nature. Bob-sled party chap comes up for break.
- Sun. 20—Frederick Conrad's mother and father visit Olivet a few days en-route to Florida. Dormers have sherbert for supper.
- Mon. 21—Kodaks and cameras are kept busy. Mickey, Marie Sloan, Elsie Maddox and Ruth Gabosch have a bob party all their own.
- Wed. 23—Dormers get discourse on Table Etiquette.
- Thur. 24—A regular "jaw breaking" time in College Rhetoric Class.
- Fri. 25—Rev. Short arrives for the mid-winter revival.
- Mon. 28—Rev. and Mrs. Ludwig are visitors at the Dormitory.
- Tues. 29—Revival continues with good victory.
- Wed. 30—Trustees meet.
- Thur. 31—Big feed for trustees, faculty and wives and students in honor of Prof. Sanford's birthday.

1924

FEBRUARY

1924

- Sat. 2—Excused for rest and prayer for revival.
- Sun. 3—Revival closes. A number praying through.
- Mon. 4—Miss Reed cleans her room and receives a caller. Myra Kelley arrives with a full supply of wit and humor. Staff meeting for a change.
- Wed. 6—A number of meetings are announced for "immediately after chapel."
Some people ought to have several personalities.
- Thur. 7—The College Freshman class has a new member. Miss Lucille Short of Oklahoma City registers.
- Fri. 8—College Juniors have a class meeting at Pearl Richey's. "Nuf Sed."
- Sat. 9—Rev. and Mrs. Redmond are with us in chapel.
- Tues. 12—Lincoln program presented by the Aurora Staff. Granville Reese escorts two young ladies to the program.
- Thur. 14—Mary Fleming's birthday. Many mysterious valentines received by popular students. Gladys Allen entertains the Spanish Club and Spanish classes celebrating Miss Agnes Anderson's birthday.
- Fri. 15—Mr. Ernest Lehman, radio expert, receives the evening program from the hospital broad-casting station.
- Sat. 16—Bob Cornelius gives a valentine party in his club rooms at Georgetown.
- Tues. 19—The girls from the Repadago Macel.
- Thurs. 21—A birthday party given in honor of Franklin Peake.
- Fri. 22—A holiday. The Aurora office gets a cleaning. Skating in spite of poor ice.
- Sat. 23—The Dorm girls give Mrs. Sanford a birthday party in the parlor.
- Sun. 24—A number of students go to hear Bishop Nickolson in Georgetown.
- Mon. 25—Girl's Basket Ball team get picture taken.
- Tues. 26—Vocal undergraduates recital; the usual courtesies granted. Dor-
otha Goode wears an unusually happy smile—but Prof. Peters is in town.
- Wed. 27—Party at Williams.
- Thur. 28—Why is Byron Nease so happy to-day? Maybe its a letter from Pasadena. Prof. McClain's 26th birthday.
- Fri. 29—An unusual day for the calendar but an ordinary school day for us.

1924

MARCH.

1924

- Sat. 1—Several carloads go to Springfield to hear Gipsy Smith.
- Sun. 2—Rev. Stella Crooks and Miss Eva Carpenter give us an interesting missionary service. Ailene Gilbert spends the night with Gertrude Sill; they hunt the house for a man.
- Mon. 3—Birthday dinner for Margaret Smith at her home in Georgetown. No gents admitted. Horticulture lecture in the auditorium.
- Tues. 4—Rev. Coddington gives a stereopticon lecture on missions.
- Thur. 6—Micky Pryor presents her pedaphone on Phi girls program.
- Fri. 7—Recital by Peerless Glee Club. No S. P.'s granted. Mr. Harvey Galloway departs for Cincinnati.
- Sat. 8—Party in parlor in honor of Harold Johnson's brother and sister.
- Mon. 10—Winter returns with a regular blizzard.
- Tues. 11—Heating system broken down. No school.
- Wed. 12—We resume school duties at noon. The aroma of pop-corn slips through the keyhole of the Aurora office about ten p. m. The editor is away.
- Thur. 13—Phi boys give a literary ? ? program in Society.
- Fri. 14—Mid-semester tests.
- Sat. 15—The U. S. History class thinks it would be grand if Prof. Greer would follow Byron Nease's conscience concerning exams.
- Sun. 16—"Pussyfoot" Johnston speaks in St. James M. E. Church in Danville.
- Mon. 17—The night of the party that wasn't. Ask the Juniors about it.
- Tues. 18—Rev. Wisler speaks in chapel. Gertrude Sill cracks a cocoanut.
- Wed. 19—A lively Whig convention.
- Thurs. 20—Rev. E. J. Kinne gives an interesting talk in chapel.
- Fri. 21—The 21st, but where is the spring weather? Peerless Glee Club gives a recital in Hillsboro.
- Mon. 24—Esther Tonguetto get a new Chevrolet. Crippled Reese escorts a girl (?) to Georgetown.
- Tues. 25—Miss Knox presents her pupils in recital.
- Wed. 26—Rev. W. E. Shepherd preaches in chapel. Prof. Rhinebarger sings.
- Thurs. 27—Alathian Glee Club originates.
- Fri. 28—Oratorical Contest Vermilion Academy. For further information see Miss Richey and Miss Thompson or Mr. McClain and Mr. Montgomery.

1924

APRIL

1924

- Tues. 1—Philatheatan-Alathian Reception.
- Thur. 3—Mrs. Price presents her advanced pupils in recital.
- Sat. 5—Graduation theses and orations due.
- Tues. 8—Violin Recital.
- Thur. 10—College Junior-Senior Banquet at Dixie Grill Room, Danville.
- Mon. 14—Bible College Undergraduate—Senior Reception.
- Fri. 18—Vocal graduating recital - Emily Steele and Christine Peake.
- Mon. 21—Academy Junior-Senior Banquet.
- Fri 25—Ruth Pryor's vocal recital.
- Mon. 28—Violin Graduating Recital given by Christine Peake and Lucille Appleby.
- Tues. 29—Piano Graduating Recital given by Christine Peake and Ruth Gilley.

(The remaining days with their many activities are sealed in the vaults of time. Only as each successive seal is broken can we view its contents. We revel in happy anticipations of class outings, picnics etc. But soon we must close and say "Goodbye, but not farewell")

States of der Univtings,
Julember 5:30, too day.

Mine der Joolius:

I now tooks me up mine inks and pen and write you mit a sledge pencils. Ve do not liif vere ve liifed before, ve liif vere ve moved. I am so offuly sorry since ve are separated together and vish ve vers closer apart. Ve are having more vether up here den ve had last year.

Mine dear aunt Katrinka is dead. She vas died of am monis on New Year's day fifteen minutes back of six. Her breath all liiked out. De doctors gave up all hopes of saving her when she died. She leves a family of 2 boys und 2 cows. Dey found 2 thousand dollars sewed up in her stocking. Dot was a lot of money to leef behind. Her sister is having the mumps und is having a svell time. She is near death's door. De Doctors tink dey can pull her through. Hans Spiezner was sick de oder doy. De doctor told him to take something so he vent down town mit Ikey Cohn und took his vatch. Ikey got him arrested un got a lawer. De lawer took de case und vent home mit de works.

Mine bruder just graduated from de cow college. He is an electrosution electioner and stenografter. He got a job in a livery stable estronograftering hay down to the horses. De other day he took our dog up to de saw mill. De dog got in a fight mit a circular saw and only lasted vun round. Ve haf a cat und tree chickens. De chickens lay eggs und de cat lays by the radiator. De college vas cold de oder day so I called de janitor and made it hot for him. I am making money fast. Yesterday I deposited a hundred dollars und today I vent down town und wrote a check for a hundred dollars und deposited it so now I haf two hundred dollars.

I am sending your overcoat by express. To save charges, I cut off de buttons. You will find dem in de inside pocket. I can tink of nudding more to rite. Hope dis finds you de same.

Yeur cussin.

Oscar.

P.X.—If you don't get dis letter, rite and I vill send anoder.

2 times P.X.—I haf just received de fife dollars dot I owe you, but haf closed dis letter and can't get it in.



*Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;*

*Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.*

*Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die:
And thou hast made him; thou art just.*

*Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.*

*Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.*

*We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.*

*Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.*

*But vaster, we are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to hear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.*

*Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.*

*Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.*

*Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.*

—Tennyson.



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Wise and Otherwise

NOT IN FAVOR OF THE MELLON PLAN

Slim Montgomery: "What is your average income?"

Henderson: "About twelve o'clock."

* * *

Howard Sloan: "Is Clayton Graves a close friend of yours?"

Earl Bowman: "I should say so; I can't borrow a cent from him."

* * *

MODERN HISTORY

What was the Sherman Act?

Giving Art Lessons to a Faculty member.

* * *

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can not make him drink.
You can show a Fresh his lesson,
But you can not make him think.

* * *

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Byron Nease sitting in class with his feet out the window.

Prof. "Put your feet inside or I will be compelled to call you absent."

* * *

A FINE DISTINCTION

Singing is sweet music and snoring is sheet music.

* * *

THERE'S A REASON

Why do you call Reese prescription?

Because it takes so much to fill him.

* * *

A. J. Frank the first time he saw a windmill: "My dear sir, that's a big electric fan you have to keep the hogs iool."

* * *

Where do you find the "Rhodes" to happiness?

Over the Harter Highway.

* * *

AN EFFECTUAL SPEECH

At the conclusion of a speech by Miss Sill:—

Prof. Grose: "Give us some air."

* * *

Ruth White. "When are you going to settle down and stop acting so kiddish?"

Mr. Stark: "The date hasn't been settled yet."

* * *

Ruth Gilley: "Sugar, how do you think you would feel if you were tall?"

Sugar: "Unnatural."

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2. Don't bother about paying your bills; the school is supported by a brick foundation.
3. If you are fond of good athletics and like jumping, lift the mattress and watch the bed spring.
4. If you want to get up early, eat self-rising bread for supper.
5. If the light goes out, take a feather from your pillow they are plenty light.
6. Anyone troubled with a nightmare will find a halter on the bed post.
7. If you wish to go driving, you will find hammer and nails in the dark room.
8. Do not speak to the dumb waiter (room mate).
9. If you want a drink, you'll find a spring under the mattress.
10. If you want to play ball, there's a pitcher on the table.
11. If you are hungry, take a roll on the bed.
12. If you want to play tennis, raise a racket.
13. If you want the waiter ring the wash rag.

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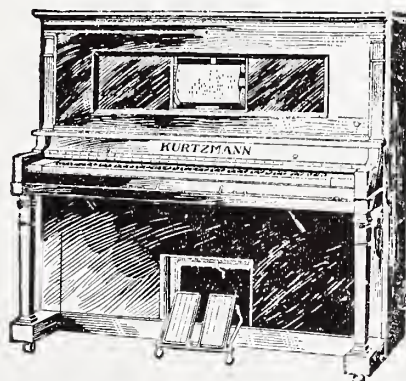
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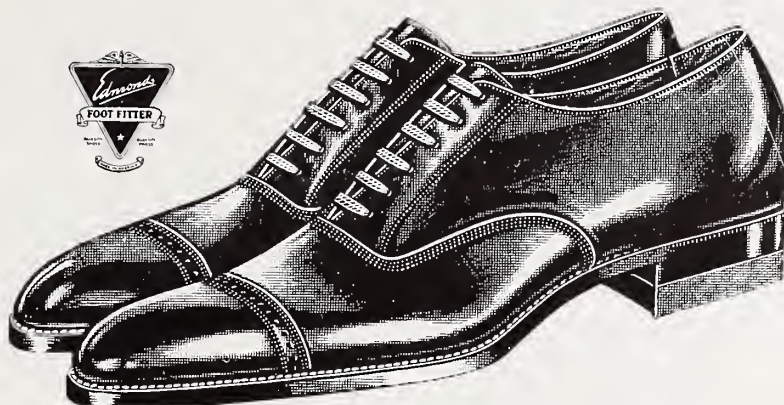
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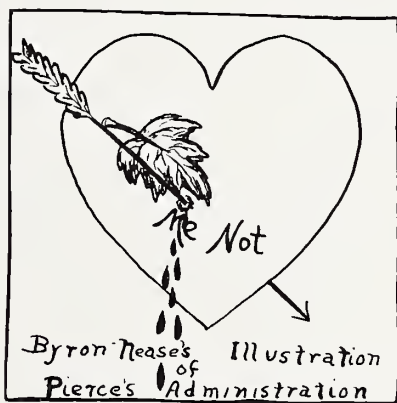
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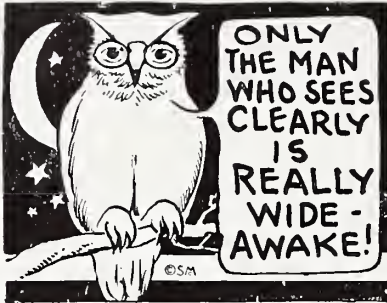
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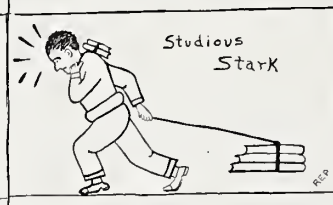
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How much of our sorrow,
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As we woke on the morrow.*

*Sleep will come to us more sweetly
At the closing of the day,
If we lighten someone's burdens
As we pass along life's way.*

*In wisdom may I know the time
When I should speak out free,
And may I ever know as well
When I should silent be.*

*While fretting we're not heard to fret.
While fretting we're not trusting yet.*

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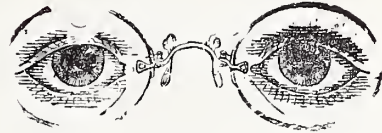
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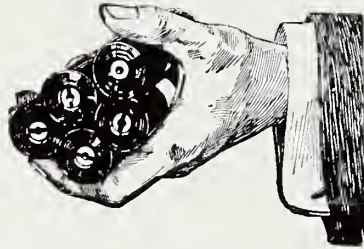
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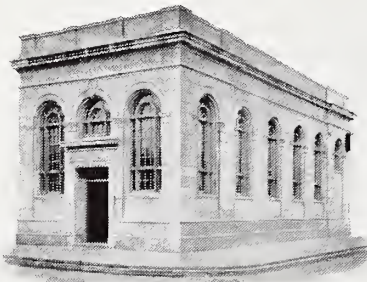
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Why George's roses cease to bloom?

What advantage is woman suffrage when your Ford is stuck in the mud?

Why Sam gets sick?

Why Miss Reynolds likes to sit and Muse?

If *Review of Reviews* is a good name for dorm gravey? Why would not *Twice Told Tales* do for turkey (?) dressing?

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Suitable Gifts for Your Friend's Birthday.

Fountain Pens for the School.

Christmas Gifts—a great variety in season.

Repairing a Specialty.

Your Patronage Appreciated.

Give Us A Trial

RIDGEFARM

ILLINOIS

If Albert is Young
And Dortha is Goode
And Sam is Herr-all
And Harold's Johnson
And Russell is treed
And Deleta's is enGrosed
And Anton is Frank
And Byron's a Nease
And Micek's a Pryor
And Frank is Peaked
And Madge is Thom(p)son
And Vernon is priced
And Kathleen is Sufferin'
And E. Wayned is Stahled
Then Ida Mae's Harrised.

"Have it Kelligraphed"

Kelley's Print Shop

Neat Job Printing

OLIVET, ILLINOIS

"Have it Kelligraphed"

When you want the best you will
always find it at the

Rafferty & Henthorne
Hardware Co.

“QUALITY FIRST”

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ILLINOIS

J. J. MOORE

Union Barber Shop

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We try to please

GEORGETOWN

ILLINOIS

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125 Sheets, 5½ x 6½ inches
100 Envelopes 5½ x 3½ inches
Printed with your name and
address in reflex blue ink

Cut the High Cost of Writing

Your name and address (3 or 4 lines) printed on 125 Sheets and 100 Envelopes of high grade white Linen or Vellum stock—the kind you use every day—and mailed to you, postage paid, for \$1.00. The sheets are printed in top center and envelopes on the flap in rich blue ink with neat gothic type. No slipshod, cheap job. Stock alone cannot be duplicated at the price in any local stationery or drug store. Write for sample—or better still place a dollar bill in an envelope for trial box. Write plainly copy you desire printed and be sure to state whether linen or vellum finish is wanted. You'll be more than satisfied.

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Why take chances with your money? Why not place it in this institution where it is protected by first mortgages on First Class Real Estate in your own community: Then, too, we pay the highest rate of interest commensurate with absolute security.

Come in and let us explain the many plans under which you can start an account with us.

No amount too large for us to handle and no amount too small to receive our careful attention.

D. H. Bowen, Secretary

J. H. MYERS, President

O. P. CLARK, Treasurer

AUTOGRAPHS

"A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity."—Bible.



*"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."*

FINIS

